HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"The Democratic party has got to carry New York this year in order to have it the next, and, through its indispensable aid, secure the Presidency. If we lose it in November, nothing short of a political miracle can save us in 1880. Let Democrats and Republicans alike take this admission and make the most of it."—*Washington Post, October 18.*

"NEW YORK MUST BE CARRIED."—WASHINGTON POST (DEMOCRATIC ORGAN).

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN THE TWO NOBLE GENERALISSIMOS AS TO *HOW*, AND BY *WHOM*, IT IS TO BE DONE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

FRANKLIN SQUARE,
NEW YORK, *October* 30, 1879.

To PARENTS *and* GUARDIANS:

THE ten millions of boys and girls in the United States are to-day a larger and more eager reading public than the world contained a few centuries ago. The noblest future that can be wished for our country is that they shall grow to mental maturity retaining, in the simplicity of childhood, their love for all that is pure and good. In this age of the press, half of the influences which mould mind and character must be drawn from what they read in hours of recreation. But much of the reading now offered to them is void of intellectual stimulus, much of it appeals to and cultivates a vicious taste, and some of it seems to aim at corrupting the heart. In the belief that this great juvenile public ought to have the best and fittest literature which genius and enterprise can furnish, we shall begin next week the publication of an illustrated weekly journal of amusement and instruction, to be called HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Its aim will be to stimulate and to satisfy the intelligent curiosity of boys and girls. To this end its conductors will diligently seek out and set before them whatever in nature, in art, and in human life can gratify the imagination, refine the taste, excite aspiration for lofty character and noble conduct, or fill leisure hours with innocent delight. By attractive serial stories it will maintain the reader's eager interest from week to week, while strengthening his memory. Its beautiful illustrations will add vividness to its descriptions, and will cultivate the artistic sense. Its columns will be enlivened by short stories, poems, sketches, anecdotes, accounts of strange lands, incidents of daring and adventure, in endless variety. The love of the young for wit and humor will be kept in view, and healthful and harmless games of every kind will be described and taught. In short, this journal will maintain a tone of cheerfulness in harmony with childhood's right to be happy. Vice and crime will not be described, even to be forbidden. As far as possible the world of corruption and wrong will be left to itself, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will live wholly in the other world of youthful knowledge, purity, and joy.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *issued gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a page of sketches in Panama, the conclusion of* "GOLDEN-ROD," *and other attractions.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A brilliant serial story, by GEORGE MACDONALD, *with illustrations by* FREDERICKS, *will shortly be begun in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

PARTIES AND INDEPENDENCE.

IF the protest of the "Conscience Whigs" had been heeded nearly thirty years ago, the Whig party might have done the great work that fell to the Republicans. The "Conscience Whigs" were independent Whigs who were resolved that loyalty to the party management, or machine, should not take precedence of loyalty to the public welfare. The party was divided, especially in Massachusetts, into Conscience Whigs and Cotton Whigs. The former became Free-Soilers and Republicans; the latter Old Hunkers, Democrats, and Copperheads. If CHARLES SUMNER and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and CHARLES ALLEN and their associates had held the extraordinary doctrine that their paramount duty was to the management of their party, whatever it might be, rather than to the purpose of the party, they too would have stuffed their ears with cotton, and have saved the Union by the surrender of liberty. We have been reminded of the political situation of that time by a recent calm and excellent letter to the *Times*, which sets forth the simple and conclusive justification of independence within a party, if the party is to be saved from degradation and ruin. In the same paper is an interesting extract from the diary of HENRY J. RAYMOND, in which he records a conversation with Mr. WEBSTER, who expressed his opinion of Mr. CLAY. Among other things, Mr. WEBSTER said that he thought Mr. CLAY had always kept the Whig party subservient to his personal ambition. Nothing is easier for a popular leader than this prostitution of a party, by means of its organization and by the appeal to party spirit, to wholly personal ends, and the only remedy, the only salvation of the party, lies in the action of the individual voter. It is useless to urge that the sole remedy lies in the primary meeting. Attention there is a duty, but the same power that controls a Convention controls a caucus. Suppose that the whole party went to the primaries, and policies and candidates justly obnoxious to a quarter of the party were proposed. They would be adopted despite the opposition of the fourth part, and the only resource left to that part would be bolting or scratching. It is no answer to say that the majority must rule, because no honorable man will go with a majority to do what he thinks to be a wrong both to the party and to the public welfare. Nor is it an answer to say that parties are not possible upon such terms, because it is intelligent party men who are most independent, and they are the very persons who will make every minor concession of personal preference, and hold out only when the highest party interests, of which every man must judge for himself, are concerned.

No one has yet taken the trouble to point out in what the fallacy and folly of independence within the party consist. To say that it merely proves personal disappointment and rancor is simply silly; for if a man be disappointed or sore because he has not received the party favor, how does he increase his chance of receiving it by arousing the bitter enmity of the party machine? The assertion that the dissenters wish to revenge themselves for some fancied wrong by destroying the party must be supported by some other evidence than that of their choosing among party candidates. The alternative is obvious: either the party voter must sustain everything that is proposed to him in the "regular" way, or he must exercise his judgment. Of course no honest man, with a proper sense of his responsibility as a free citizen, will hesitate in his choice for a moment; and one of the most damaging blows ever inflicted upon the Republican party by its own organs and orators is the ridicule with which they assail the fundamental right and duty of individual independence within the party, and the attempt to substitute for it sheer party terrorism.

Three years ago the New York *Tribune* criticised this conduct of the machine and its organs in very plain words: "As long as Republican voters by the million lead party managers to believe that they will vote the party ticket, they are very likely to find that they have no choice in making the ticket, and are treated as mere voting cattle." The letter to the *Times* of which we have spoken shows that there are Republicans who to-day hold the views which the *Tribune* forcibly maintained three years ago, and which are as true now as they were then. The case of the protesting Republicans in this State can not be more admirably stated than by the writer of the letter in the *Times*:

"You warn us in the editorial referred to that by scratching CORNELL we may possibly elect ROBINSON, and that from ROBINSON we can not expect to gain any benefits which CORNELL would refuse. We might answer that the responsibility of ROBINSON'S election rests upon those who nominated CORNELL, knowing as they did that the candidacy would not be supported by a portion of the party. But we also reply that we do not expect from ROBINSON those reforms which we have been pleased to consider distinctively Republican. We do not believe in the Democratic party or the Democratic policy. We are Republicans, and purpose remaining so. In what way, however, can that 'reform within the party' which is so desirable, and which we believe possible, be brought about except by the course we have taken? If ROBINSON is elected, and acts as you suppose he will act, the Republican party will receive no stain, and at the next election the fact of his bad conduct will render a Republican victory more easy. Should CORNELL be elected, and act as we fear he would act, the Republican party would suffer disgrace. If evil must come, we prefer it to be at the hands of that party to which we do not belong. If party managers can nominate any one they please, and then dragoon voters into supporting him because there is no choice between him and a political adversary, then 'regular nominations' will become more precious than ever, and the race of independent voters will cease to be."

VOTING IN THE AIR.

THERE are many passages in the recent speech of Mr. EVARTS which are surprising. There are none which could have any weight with Republicans who differ with him as to their duty in the pending canvass in New York. Both his appearance in the canvass and his speech are excellent illustrations of the reason why the political influence of so able and excellent a man is so slight. The main point of the speech, apart from the remarkable indication of General GRANT as the strong man who can best maintain the power of the people, was its argument against "voting in the air." It is, of course, impossible in a paragraph or two to treat adequately a speech of an hour and a half. But we can make notes.

"The only way that we vote is to vote for some candidate who represents the party that we want uppermost, and the principles and measures and policies which we want ingrafted upon the political action of the country."

The Republican "voters in the air," as we understand them, do this very thing. They vote for certain men upon the party ticket, to show which party they want uppermost, and they decline to vote for others as not representing cardinal principles, policies, and measures upon which they desire political action.

"Now the only way we can do that is by voting for some candidate who is produced in the methods of our politics for the suffrages of our citizens."

The Republican protest is against those "methods of our politics" which confessedly misrepresent the party desire.

"Now the law and the Constitution regulate the ballot and the suffrage, but who shall regulate this preliminary process of selecting and presenting the candidates that are to embody the principles and express the will of the people in regard to the policy and the principles and the measures of that government? Well, gentlemen, there is the puzzle, and there we have criticism friendly and unfriendly of the system of civil service reform, and then we have intermitted between the presentation of candidates and the deposit of the votes an agitation of private conscience and private interests as to whether or no there is a conformity between the candidate and the principles and purposes and policy which the voter desires. To obtain all this is the duty of every Convention, and it should be their highest or sole duty to impersonate the principles of the party in the candidates who would give the best assurances of the purposes of the party being carried out by their election, and the best assistance in attracting votes. And it may be said in general, I suppose, that that is the purpose of Conventions, and that that in general is their successful result."

The protesting Republicans hold that this highest duty was deliberately abandoned by the Convention, for the purpose, among others, of striking at principles and policies with which Mr. EVARTS has been hitherto identified, and that, according to his own statement, "the methods of our politics" led directly to a summary violation of the highest or sole duty of the Convention.

"Now when the nominations do not fully comport with the private judgment of this or that citizen, what must the voter do? Why, do as every sensible man does in every mixed situation, when action one way or the other is to be taken—give to the leading principles and the leading interests the determination of what he shall do."

The protesting Republicans believe that one of the chief leading principles and interests now at stake in the country, and declared by the head of the Republican Administration of which Mr. EVARTS is a conspicuous member to be "paramount," is administrative reform. They give to that the determination of what they shall do, and they decline to vote for the candidate of their party who especially represents hostility to it, while they take care by voting for other candidates that their vote shall be counted for the party and its other principles.

"If any Republican voter thinks he can serve his party better now and better in the future by voting for Governor ROBINSON or Mr. KELLY, in God's name let him do so. If he thinks that the best thing he can do with his precious gift, the suffrage given to him for his own right and as a trust for all this country, all over it—if he thinks the best thing he can do with that precious right is to fool it away, let him be sure that when disasters come that he has done nothing to avert, his conscience may excuse him then."

No Republican voting honestly need be afraid of any twinge of conscience, whatever the result. But Republicans who needlessly and for wholly selfish ends compel others to sacrifice candidates to principles, and Republicans who aid and abet them, should look out for their own consciences rather than for those of other people. An election can be fooled away by a machine, but it is not fooled away if lost by the honest independence of the voter.

Mr. EVARTS'S whole doctrine throughout this part of his speech is that it is foolish to oppose regular nominations, and that as Mr. CORNELL is not a personally dishonest man, no Republican should fail to vote for him. He puts the Tammany creed of "regularity" more gayly than Mr. BEECHER, or Mr. WEED, or Mr. TOWNSEND, and our other Republican brethren, but it is no less a doctrine which more and more Republicans decline to accept. Mr. CORNELL'S election, as the protesting Republicans affirm, and as Mr. EVARTS denies, is not necessary to show New York to be Republican. The protesting Republicans declare that if he should run far behind his ticket, as the KELLY Democrats will take care that he does not, and the rest of the ticket should be elected, it would prove not only that New York is Republican, but that there are a courage and independence and self-respect in the Republican party which must be considered hereafter when the slate is made up. The protest can not defeat Republicanism, because the dissenters support the bulk of the ticket, but if the whole ticket were defeated without a protest, the Republican disaster would be irreparable. Should the whole ticket be elected, the protest will have made future independence easier. In any case, it will not be lost. Mr. EVARTS, musing on the folly of voting in the air, may remember the arrow of which the poet sings, which was shot into the air and found in the heart of an oak. It is hearts of oak, not of bending reeds, that make and save parties.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

WE observe that it is said in some quarters that independence within the party is well enough, but of course any party man may reject any nomination that he disapproves, but that this is not the time for asserting such independence. When is the time? Was it last year, when inflation was to be feared? Will it be next year, when Southern domination will threaten? Was it in '74, when a United States Senator was to be elected? Or was it in '72, when the "brigadiers" were for Mr. GREELEY? When is the year that a voter may exercise the right, which it is said nobody denies, of voting for part of the ticket and not voting for another part? There was an old popular rhyme in St. Thomas:

"Hail, Porto Rico, land of sorrow!
Where all the debtors pay to-morrow;
But that to-morrow never comes
To Porto Rico's hapless sons."

If we listen exclusively to party spirit and the party machine, it is only at the election which falls upon a Porto Rico to-morrow that it is proper to disregard any party recommendation, and to scratch the ticket. At the pending election, wherever and whatever it be, there is always too much at stake, according to these oracles, for any faithful party man to think of doing anything but supporting the whole ticket.

The protesting Republicans in New York evidently differ from this view. They insist vigorously that it is an uncommonly good time to omit part of the ticket. They argue forcibly that there is an evident Republican flood and freshet, and that Republican victory is in the air. Republican papers on all sides declare that Mr. CORNELL'S majority will be great, and his plurality enormous, and that the position of dissenters is pitiful. But the dissenters provokingly reply that the surer the victory, the better the time to protest. If, as the papers declare, protest can not possibly affect the result, and can only cover protesters with ridicule, what possible harm can they do except to their unfortunate selves? Their object is to show that it is practicable to organize the independent element of the party so as to affect nominations and elections, not by appeals to caucuses and Conventions to do right, but by combining to vote only for fitting candidates and by opposing others. They think that the benign exhortation to go to the primary and do your whole duty has not hitherto had any very prosperous result. But they see what *Harper's Weekly*, as a Republican journal, has always maintained, that the true way is to hold the party machine or management responsible for party victory or defeat by the resolute refusal of the individual voter to support improper nominations.

The time for doing this is not last year or A.D. 1892; it is now. It can never be done without a general cry that it involves the ruin of the country, and if that seems to anybody to be true, he ought to pause. But that can not be true, certainly, when our Republican brethren declare that protest can not prevent an overwhelming victory. According to their statements, therefore, this is the very time that the protest may be safely made, because it can not possibly imperil the result or harm the party.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

IT is constantly asserted that the protest of those Republicans of New York who propose to scratch Mr. CORNELL is simply contemptible. We are assured that it has no purpose behind it, and that since the Ohio election it has vanished in its own inanity. But we are apprised, upon very much better authority than that of its opponents, that, on the contrary, the organized action of the protesting Republicans continues to meet with the most lively response. This statement is confirmed by letters that we receive from every part of the country, which show how deep and wide-spread is the impatience with the mere tyranny of party organization. But the significance of the movement is confirmed still more strikingly by the constant and persistent irritation and sneering and ridicule of Republican organs and orators. The advertisements of the protesting Republicans are refused by the papers that support the whole ticket. All allusions to them are carefully designed to belittle, and not to inform. The party wit is sharpened against them. Mr. BEECHER says, with irresistible humor, that scratching is good for cutaneous affections. Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND says that there is no Republican in Troy who has any disease that requires scratching. There is no end of this pleasant and

harmless wit. Mr. EVARTS jokes at great length about voting in the air. But if the thing be a mosquito, there is too much powder and ball wasted upon it. The incessant fusillade proves that its object is not so utterly contemptible as it is alleged to be.

This is but natural. Those who protest and those who sneer are both Republicans; and being Republicans, each side knows that courage, independence, and persistence are Republican virtues. When a body of Republican voters who are wholly unknown as individuals to politics and politicians not only protest against the unscrupulous action of the machine, but organize to make their protest effective, and give time, money, and devoted work to promote their object, it is evident to every Republican and to every sensible man that a point has been reached in the machine rule of parties which calls a halt for every intelligent voter. If a body of members of a party who do not desire office, and have no personal object whatever, show that they have a patriotic interest in honest politics strong enough to lead them to combine to frustrate dishonest and personal politics within their party, the machine will be forced to take heed. A comparative handful of such men, who are not to be bought off nor frightened off, can put elections in doubt, and that is enough. The power of organization is shown in the machine, and it can be effectively opposed only by the same power. Individual courage is confirmed everywhere by the knowledge of associated purpose of the same kind elsewhere, and if the Republicans who intend to scratch part of the ticket accomplish nothing more, not only will they have made organized opposition within the party to unfit nominations easier, but they will have served notice upon the management of the party that candidates and measures must have something more than "regularity" to insure general approval.

The present protest, as we understand, will not end with the election. The Republican party is full of men who have led forlorn hopes in politics, and who have seen a little one become a thousand. They have achieved great reforms, and no reform is too unpopular to dismay or daunt them. They see clearly that the danger of parties which WASHINGTON so forcibly describes in his farewell address presents itself to us in the form of a "machine," which, under the cry of "organization," and "making the best of it," and "half a loaf is better than none," sweeps away all personal independence, painfully humiliates public men, and degrades parties and politics. The only practicable remedy for this evil, the blow that shivers a corrupt machine, is reform of the civil service. We have little doubt that the pluck and energy and skill which the organization of protesting Republicans, however "unknown" and "young," have shown in the pending canvass will be turned to a permanent movement for the benefit of the Republican party, by insisting upon making the reform of the civil service, what the dissenters believe it to be, a paramount issue. One of the worst abuses of the patronage system is that it gives power to a machine to impose upon a party such issues as it chooses, instead of allowing the real issues of the time to determine elections. The more closely it is scanned it will be seen that administrative reform is a vital question, which will be greatly advanced by this Republican protest.

SOUND VIEWS.

THREE years ago, when the two parties were preparing for the Presidential election, from which there is no appeal, and which was to decide whether the entire power and patronage of the government should be committed to the Republican or to the Democratic party, the New York *Tribune*, commenting upon the observations of some independent voter, made these sound and sensible remarks, as reported in a little pamphlet called "Independent Republicanism:"

"There are thousands and tens of thousands of voters who have pretty well determined to do even as this gentleman is doing—'to occupy an independent position, cutting loose from party affiliations, and exerting whatever influence they may possess in securing the success of the purest and best elements in political matters'—and who think that the safety of our institutions is imperilled by a too blind adherence to party. They are weary of allegiance to committees, they are tired of being annually disposed of by conventions, and they are trying to understand how infinitesimal is their share in the selection of candidates for whom they are expected to shout and vote in spite of all doubts and maugre all qualms of conscience. Howls of horror and incredulity, accusations of treason, insinuation of idiocy, will not shake the voter in his solid mind. He cares nothing for names. His allegiance is for the candidate who is worthy of it. No caucus owns him; while in time the broad liberality of his principles will compel the caucuses to consider them, and to be chary of experiments upon party fealty and upon popular credulity."

There are many Republicans who think that these words are peculiarly applicable to the present situation in New York. They think also that the very time to practice the independence here commended is when it may be of service in helping the party to national victory, not when it must necessarily tend to deprive it of such a victory. Those who see most clearly the necessity of political parties see most clearly also the necessity of individual independence within the party, and the rancor with which its assertion is resisted and reviled only proves the necessity more conclusively. On the day that the Saratoga nominations were made, *Harper's Weekly* said that always to acquiesce in regular nominations merely because they were regular was the part of a flunky, not of a man. Tammany Hall has always held the opposite doctrine. Is it due to intimacy with the Tammany machine that the Republican machine now apparently agrees with it? There are Republicans who are perfectly sound in the faith who think that the Republican dicker with Tammany Hall, as illustrated in the Board of Aldermen and elsewhere, is a burning disgrace to the Republican party and a serious obstruction to its success, and that a management of the party which exposes it to disgrace and defeat ought to be condemned in the only practicable way, which is the way proposed by them at the election. It is not a way which tends to commit the national government to the Democrats by showing that New York is not Republican, but which commends the Republican party to universal patriotic confidence by censuring a management which is in suspicious "alliance" with Tammany Hall, and which has contemptuously challenged and defied the reform sentiment of the party.

When the *Tribune* in 1872 supported the Democratic against the Republican national nomination, we opposed it on the ground that whatever might be justly said against the GRANT Administration, the re-election of General GRANT could not be so great a misfortune as the national restoration of the Democratic party. In that election there was no choice whatever between promoting Republican or Democratic success. But when the protesting Republicans are told that the case is now precisely the same in New York, they show conclusively that it is not. They are working as zealously as men can work for the election of the Republican ticket, with two names scratched. They propose to do their utmost to show that New York is not only Republican, but that there is Republican courage enough to rebuke a party management that wantonly endangers the cause, and they do this, not to secure a Democratic national victory next year, but, on the contrary, to make sure of Republican success. We venture to say that there are no Republicans to whom the glorious traditions of the party are more sacred, its principles more precious, its continued supremacy more desirable, than those who spurn the doctrine that party fidelity can be proved only by silent acquiescence in unscrupulous party management. "There are plenty of men," writes a Republican voter for LONG in Massachusetts, "who firmly believe in the grand principles that inspired the Republican party in the past, and who firmly believe that it yet has a destiny and work to complete, *provided* the fundamental principles are not forgotten in personal politics and the self-seeking of the party managers."

MORE GOOD NOMINATIONS.

AMONG the excellent Republican nominations in this State are those for the Assembly and for county officers in Richmond County. For the last two years Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS has been the Democratic candidate for the Assembly, and his personal character and ability, and his political knowledge and experience, have secured him a large vote, and have made his election sure in a Democratic county. This year, however, Mr. BROOKS was defeated in the nominating Convention, and the Democrats have placed in the field confessedly "the worst ticket" ever nominated in the county. The Republicans have wisely nominated one of the best, and it is very probable that the candidate for Assembly and the county ticket will be elected by the Republicans.

For the Assembly the Republicans have nominated Mr. OLIVER FISKE, formerly United States Marshal for the New York District, a gentleman of the highest character, and universally respected. He is a practical business man, and the county will have in him an admirable representative. For County Treasurer the Republican candidate is Mr. MICHAEL S. TYNAN, a substantial citizen, in every way unexceptionable, and a candidate who will poll a very large vote against the present Democratic incumbent, who has been renominated, and whose name is altogether the best upon the Democratic ticket. For Sheriff the Republicans have nominated Mr. A. V. CONNOR, a gentleman who as County Clerk has earned the respect and confidence of the county, and whose Democratic opponent, the brother of the present Sheriff, has been nominated for the purpose of enabling the present Sheriff, as future deputy, to continue to hold his position. This extraordinary arrangement, which is frankly avowed and published, is intended to outwit the law, which prohibits the re-eligibility of the Sheriff for an immediate second term.

The Democratic disaffection with the "regular" county nominations is too great and sincere to be healed, and there will be a very general Democratic bolting and scratching at the election. If the Republicans of the State have been everywhere as wise in making local nominations as in Richmond County, the result of the election will be most gratifying to every Republican.

"HONEST" CANDIDATES.

IT seems now to be assumed that the Republican protest in New York is conclusively disposed of by the assertion that Mr. CORNELL is an honest man. But if it is to be a Republican doctrine that no "regular" nomination may be rejected by the voter unless he can prove a candidate to be a common thief, the demoralization wrought by party spirit is already startling. A nomination may be "unfit to be made" even when the nominee may be truly said not to be a forger or a pickpocket. A candidate may be "honest," and yet stand for rejection of necessary reform. He may be "honest," and all the corrupt rings may desire his election. He may be "honest," and yet be the nominee of a machine that makes the most unscrupulous bargains. Would not such facts, if facts they were, induce reasonable men to pause, so long as they do not mean to be counted against the Republican ticket, but only against certain names upon it?

But is the Democratic machine any better? We presume not; but Republicans have no responsibility for it. The Democratic machine, and Tammany political principles and practice, have pretty effectually ruined the Democratic party, and Republicans ought to beware of them. The way to beware is to reject them, not to adopt them, and to insist that the Democratic machine is as bad as the Republican.

Is a machine so bad, it is asked, if it nominates "honest" men? That depends largely upon circumstances. If the success of such a nomination involves the reactionary and unworthy domination of the party—a domination sure to repel intelligent and patriotic sympathy and support—the "honesty" of a candidate would be but a blind. TWEED'S Governor HOFFMAN was always called "honest." Nobody alleged that he personally profited by the action of the machine.

But ought not the whole ticket to be supported by all sincere Republicans who wish to avert Southern supremacy? Not if they can so vote as both to avert Southern supremacy and to rebuke an unscrupulous party management. Such voting, the protesting Republicans insist, would do a great deal more to avert Southern supremacy than unquestioning allegiance to a machine. If voting in the air will record New York as Republican, and at the same time will rebuke a management which turns the party into a tool of mere personal and mercenary politics, the most sensible course is to vote in the air.

LADY HARRIET ACLAND.

MR. WILLIAM L. STONE, the indefatigable secretary of the Saratoga Monument Association, has recently exposed a curious inaccuracy in the received historical accounts of incidents connected with the battle—a misapprehension which he had himself shared and recorded in his history of the BURGOYNE campaign. One of the romantic circumstances in the story of that campaign is the journey of the Baroness RIEDESEL and of Lady HARRIET ACLAND with BURGOYNE'S army as it moved toward the Hudson. Lady ACLAND was the daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester, and a cousin of CHARLES JAMES FOX, and at the time of the march of BURGOYNE was twenty-seven years old, and the Baroness RIEDESEL, in her memoirs, calls her "the most lovely of women."

In the second battle of Saratoga, Major ACLAND, who commanded the British grenadiers, was severely wounded by a shot through both legs, and was saved from the gun of "a lad" on the American side by WILKINSON, one of the aides of General GATES. Major ACLAND was brought into the American camp, and hearing of his condition, Lady HARRIET resolved to enter our lines to be his nurse. BURGOYNE gave her a graceful letter to GATES, who made sharp answer, but received the lady very courteously when she reached his camp, having come down the river in an open boat upon a stormy night, attended by Chaplain BRUDENEL, who had calmly read the burial service over General FRASER amid a storm of bombs.

Major ACLAND recovered, and returned with his wife to England, where, according to FONBLANQUE in his recent *Life of Burgoyne*, and LOSSING, and Mr. STONE himself, as we said, soon after arriving, he quarrelled with a brother officer who had questioned the bravery of the Americans, fought with him, and fell at the first fire, upon which Lady HARRIET became insane for two years, and then married the worthy Chaplain BRUDENEL. This is the accepted story. But Mr. STONE, as he now tells us in *Lippincott's Magazine*, for some reason doubting it, recently wrote to a grandnephew of Major ACLAND, who confounds the historians by answering that the major died of a cold, in his bed, and that Lady HARRIET died his widow, as the burial register of her parish attests. The story shows how easy historical inaccuracy is, and, in some cases, how easily corrected. We observe, also, that Mr. STONE, the historian of BURGOYNE, had the singular pleasure of meeting recently upon the Saratoga battlefield the grandniece of BURGOYNE, Mrs. JAMES L. SPURGEON, of London.

PERSONAL.

CANON FARRAR'S *Life of St. Paul*, recently republished here by E. P. DUTTON & Co., is one of the remarkable books of the day. Its success in England has been extraordinary. MUDIE subscribed for 1000 copies—a striking indication of the eagerness with which it was demanded. The success of the *Life of Christ* was far beyond the expectations of the canon or his publishers, and his original scale of remuneration was accordingly small. His publishers, however, with a liberality that did them honor, presented the author with $10,000 beyond what they had agreed upon. The first edition issued here by Messrs. DUTTON was exhausted in a week, and a second is rapidly following. It is generally understood in England that Canon FARRAR is to have the next vacant deanery. Nothing could be Farrar than that.

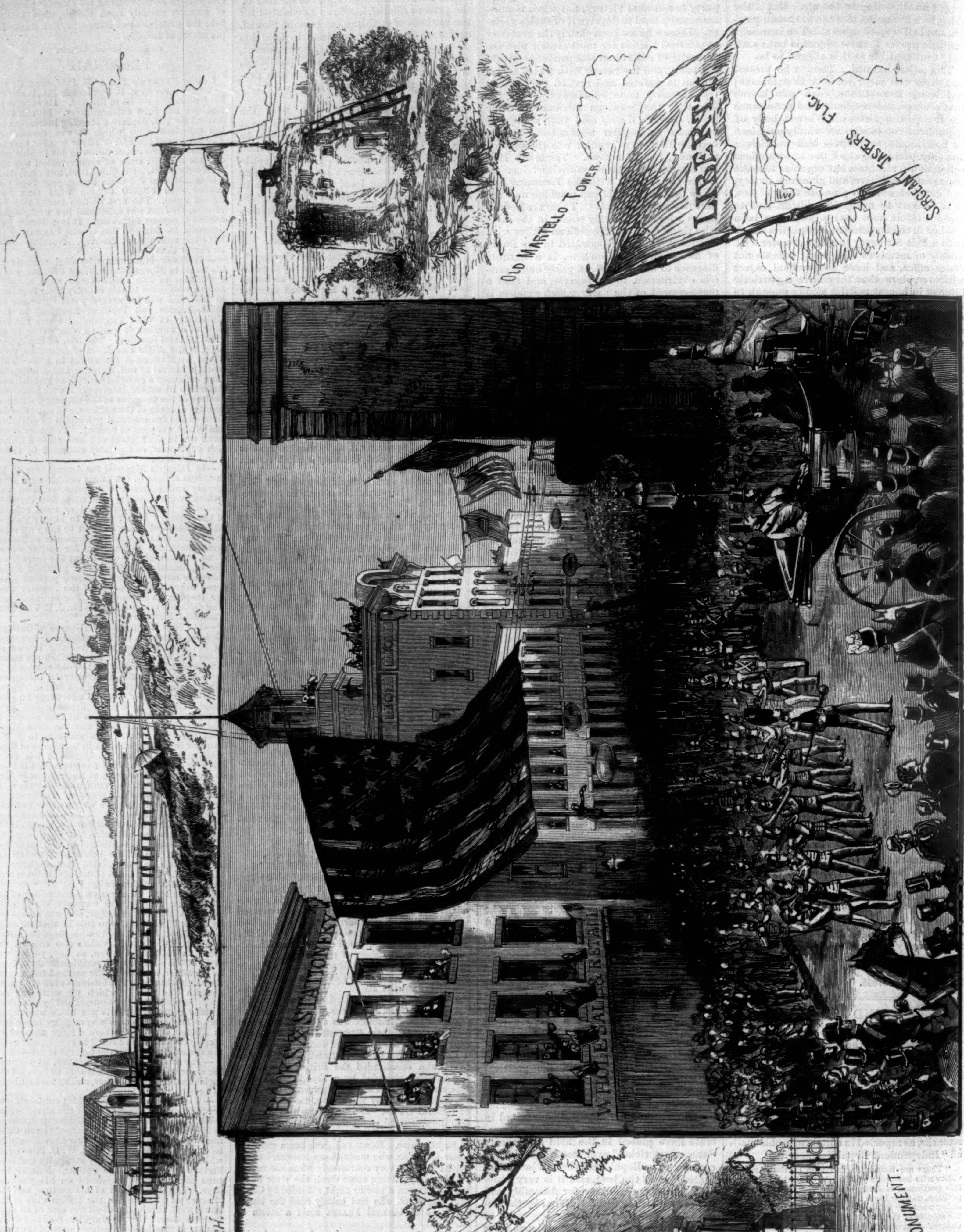
—Professor MACBETH, who died recently at his home in Morganstown, West Virginia, was a gentleman of fine abilities and wide acquirements, who came to this country from Scotland in 1853, and was for several years Professor of Belles-Lettres and Political Economy in the University of West Virginia. He was the author of a number of works giving evidence of great toil and learning. The best of these, perhaps, is the *Might and Mirth of Literature*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1875. This work, a marvel of toil, learning, and discrimination, embraces a complete survey of English and American literature, interspersed with historical notices of the progress of the language, with anecdotes of many of the authors, and with discussions of the fundamental principles of criticism and of the weapons of oratory. Professor MACBETH was in the highest and best sense a Christian gentleman, and greatly esteemed by those who knew him.

—In *Harper's Magazine* for August was an illustrated article of ten pages describing a new literary and scientific enterprise, entitled the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." Doubtless it has been perused by most readers of the *Weekly*. It is adapted to busy people—fathers and mothers who want to keep up with their children, to give to their homes a literary atmosphere, and to make up for earlier omissions. Although it is only about five years since the organization took distinct practical form, there are now some ten thousand persons scattered over different parts of the country who are reaping its advantages. For circulars setting forth the scheme, address Dr. J. H. VINCENT, Plainfield, New Jersey.

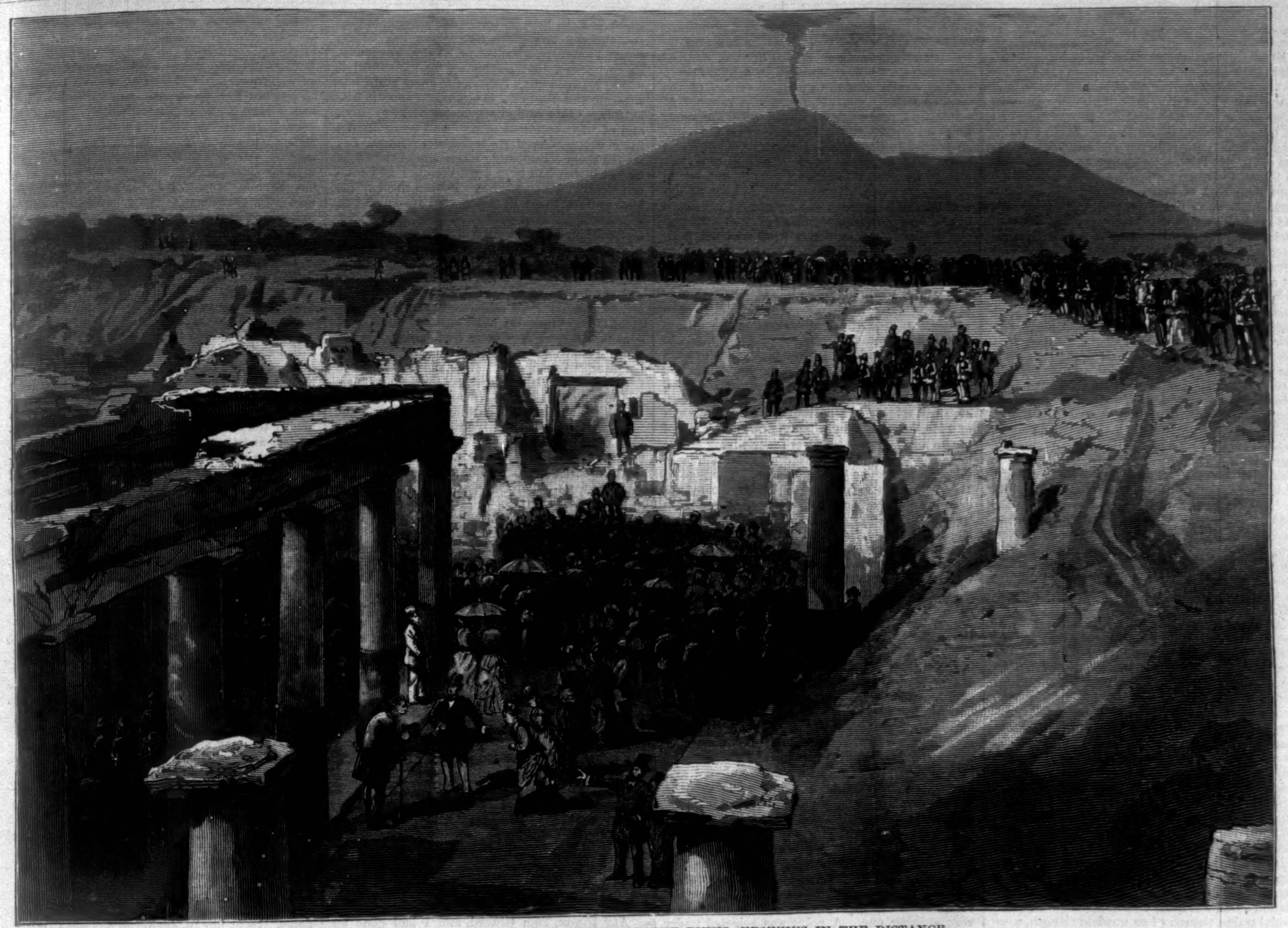
—The New York *Evening Telegram* of October 13, in an article on the Philadelphia *Ledger*, says of Mr. CHILDS, what is universally known at home and abroad, that "his charities are bountiful, and his liberality to his old employés is only equalled by his generosity to strangers. Many of his assistants are old and infirm. Those who can no longer work to advantage he pensions. One is in Europe drawing full pay. WILLIAM V. M'KEAN, a man of rare ability, is the chief editorial writer, and has been since 1864. He was formerly an assistant to J. W. FORNEY in the Clerk's desk in the House of Representatives. THOMAS M. COLEMAN has been the city editor for twenty-five years, and is now in feeble health travelling at the expense of Mr. CHILDS in Europe. RAYMOND JOHNSON is city editor in Mr. COLEMAN'S absence. The financial articles of the *Ledger* are well written, and attract respectful attention. They have been supplied since 1840 by JOSEPH SAILER, who in thirty-nine years has not missed a day of service. The vast mechanical interests of the *Ledger* establishment are in the hands of WILLIAM L. DRANE, who has controlled that department since 1837. The 'Local Gleanings' column was begun by the 'original *Ledger* man,' Mr. CHARLES RITTER, in 1840. WHITELAW REID, editor of the New York *Tribune*, was formerly Washington correspondent of the *Ledger*, and was succeeded by JOHN M. CARSON, who acts in that capacity now. Another of the old employés of the *Ledger* is MARK RICHARDS MUCKLE, who entered the office in 1842, since when, as boy, youth, and man, he has continuously remained. At present he is cashier, and one of the marked features of the establishment. The business of an enormous concern like this of which we write can not easily be understood or appreciated by outsiders. A daily profit of $1000 is not made without effort. The *Ledger* owns a very large paper mill in Elkton, Maryland, where a large number of employés constitute a small township, and make the material on which the journal is printed."

—The present CHARLES DICKENS, who is making a success in literature, is said to have all the social qualities of his father, and all his brilliancy as a post-prandial talker.

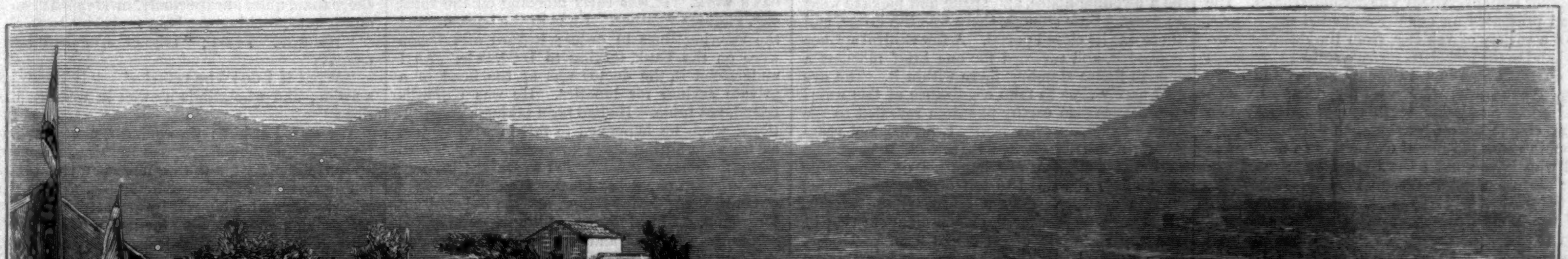
—We have received a pamphlet containing an account of the ceremonies of the unveiling of the bronze bust of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, at White Point Garden, Charleston, South Carolina, June 11, 1879, including an exceedingly interesting address by the Hon. W. D. PORTER, in which is sketched the early struggles and later literary successes of the author. Neither fortune nor opportunity smiled on his youthful days. The early death of his mother, and the absence of his father in the Indian wars of the Southwest, threw him upon the care of an aged grandmother. He was taught to read and write, but no high school or college opened its gates to him. He was without classical culture. But he had a love of reading, an intense thirst for knowledge, a marvellous memory and power of assimilation, a sturdy self-reliance that could not be daunted by obstacles or opposition, and an industry that never tired to the last breath of life. He had no counsellor to guide him, and it adds to his renown to know that the clear and noble fame he earned was truly and singularly his own achievement. In 1832 SIMMS made his first decided impression upon the literary circles of the North by his "Atlantis, a Story of the Sea," a poem, which, after some reluctance, was published by HARPER & BROTHERS, and proved a decided literary and pecuniary success. This was followed by *Martin Faber*, a prose tale, which also made a decided impression, and was rapidly followed by those other works which established his fame as an author. The bronze bust (by J. Q. A. WARD) is the first and only work of the kind ever raised to an author in South Carolina.



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH BY THE JASPER MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 887.]



EXCAVATIONS IN THE NINTH REGION OF THE RUINS—VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.



EXCAVATIONS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE NINTH REGION.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.—ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 886.]

POMPEII.

EVER so many years since, or, to be quite explicit, just about a quarter of a century, a popular author wrote of the railway between Naples and the buried city of Pompeii: "No other railroad possesses an interest like this. Sepulchral cities lie beneath and along its track. The waters of Naples splash its seaward embankments. On the other side lives a population as dense as that of China, and more picturesque in garb and manners than that of India. They dwell in habitations built upon the graves of their ancestors, the very earth they cultivate being the ashes of their forefathers, whom war and volcano have alternately stricken down and buried in one wide devastation, but to be quickened again into being by a vigorous nature that knows no exhaustion. Life and Death here meet in ceaseless strife. Each boasts its trophies, and each in turn triumphs. If the former exultingly displays Portici, Castellamare, Torre del Greco, and the many towns and villages that so lovingly nestle amidst the vineyards of sunny Vesuvius, all teeming with joyous existence, forgetting that they are undermined by eternal fires, the latter sternly reminds you that beneath them, imprisoned in her fatal embraces, lie Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Pompeii, once the homes of a population more numerous, more happy, and more prosperous than those which have succeeded to their dubious heritage, while above them all the treacherous volcano lifts its head, ready at Nature's signal to do again the bidding of Death. It seemed to me a moral defiance of Fate, an insult to the avenging Nemesis, thus to rudely bind together her domains with bars of iron, and to let loose the shrieking fire-horse to scatter about the cinders of dead cities in the very shadow of the fierce old crater itself."

Along this romantic railroad, on the 25th of last September, poured a multitude that for the nonce transformed Pompeii, the "City of the Dead," into a city of the living. Never during the eighteen hundred years that have elapsed since its destruction have the usually deserted streets been thronged with so many public dignitaries, men of science or letters, fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, and holiday seekers of all classes, as on the occasion of the eighteenth centennial anniversary of the catastrophe which overwhelmed the group of flourishing and populous cities situated in that part of the Bay of Naples called "the Golden Cup." Five or six thousand invitations having been issued by the committee charged to organize the festival, it may be imagined that the departure of so many guests from the city of Naples, in addition to the other thousands who went to Pompeii without any invitation at all, was quite a sensational affair. The special trains, though of an unwieldy length, were literally taken by storm, but they succeeded one another until everybody was accommodated. The road presented an equally animated appearance, and a variety of vehicles, from the dashing four-in-hand to the plebeian *corricolo*, sending up clouds of dust as they whirled through Portici and Torre dell' Annunziata, were all fully occupied. The tickets of admission to this unique celebration were classic *tesseræ*, bearing the following inscription, in those red mural characters so familiar to all who have visited the buried city: "Tessera for gratuitous admission to Pompeii—the XXV. of September, MDCCCLXXIX.—on the recurrence of the XVIII. centenary after its destruction." On the back of the ticket is the following brief programme: "10 o'clock A.M. in the Basilica. Report of the director. 10.30. Visit to view the monuments. 12.30. Excavations in the Fourth and Fifth divisions of the Ninth region."

The orator of the occasion was Professor RUGGIERO, who for several years has conducted the executive part of the excavations of Pompeii, under the supreme direction of Professor FIORELLI, to whom the merit of the really scientific restoration of the ancient city to light, without destroying or dispersing its venerable ruins, as was too much practiced by earlier excavators, is chiefly due. In his discourse the professor followed the history of the unhappy city from its mythical origin to the day of its destruction, and then through the ages when it has been a mine of wealth to the archæologist. Of the early history of Pompeii little is known, legend ascribing its foundation to Hercules; but in more recent times it became a favorite resort for wealthy Romans, many of whom, including CICERO, had villas in the suburbs. It must have been at one time a place of considerable trade, as it was the port town of Nola and other inland cities which studded the fertile valley of the Sarnus. The city was much damaged by an earthquake which happened 63 A.D., and not many years had revolved when the great and final calamity overtook it. In 79 A.D. occurred the terrific eruption of Vesuvius which in one day overwhelmed in irremediable ruin the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ. In the course of time a small village rose on or near the spot, but by-and-by the memory of Pompeii was forgotten, and its very site was unknown. The difficulty of discovering its true position was increased on account of the changes produced by this fearful convulsion, which had hurled back the Sarnus from its ancient course, and had raised the sea-beach to a considerable height, so that the rediscovered city, to which merchantmen resorted of old, is now a mile from the coast, and a considerable distance from the stream that in ancient time was wont to skirt its walls. For more than sixteen hundred years Pompeii lay undisturbed beneath heaps of ashes and cinders. At length, in 1689, some ruins were noticed, but it was not until 1755 that any excavations were made. These operations, begun by the Neapolitan government, have been continued to the present time.

The remains of Pompeii are found in such an excellent state of preservation, owing to the fact that the city was destroyed not by lava, but by showers of sand, ashes, and cinders (*lapilli*), forming a light covering which found its way into every nook, and, as it were, hermetically sealed up the town. It would appear that in some parts, at least, the matter was deposited in a liquid state, and so flowed into the remotest cellars of the doomed habitations. The immense volumes of water that poured down mixed with the ashes that had already fallen and those that were still suspended in the air, and formed a kind of liquid mud. This is proved by the discovery of a skeleton of a woman in a cellar "inclosed in a mould of volcanic paste, which received and has retained a perfect impression of her form." The depth of the superincumbent rubbish is in most places about fifteen feet, but this mass has not been heaped up in one eruption. That it is the work of several is proved by two facts; first, that as many as eight or nine layers have been distinctly counted, and second, that while the upper layers are undisturbed, the lower one has evidently been moved. Comparatively few skeletons have been found, and almost no objects of great intrinsic value, such as gold and silver plate, which seems to show that the great body of the population had found time to escape, and had returned to seek and bury their lost friends, and to recover whatever treasures could be found. In the autumn of 1864, in excavating a temple of Juno, upward of two hundred skeletons were found lying on the floor, the victims having evidently gone thither to seek the protection of the goddess. The plan of Pompeii seems to have been regular, the streets crossing one another at right angles. The houses were plain and low, being seldom more than two stories high, and had all their handsome apartments on the ground-floor. The city was about two miles in circumference, and was surrounded by a wall. Everything that contributed to the comfort or pleasure of the inhabitants is still indicated. Indeed, in all the departments of social life, in the affairs of domestic and public life, of the worship of the gods and the shows of the arena, in architecture, painting, and sculpture, and in the appliances of comfort and luxury, we have, at it were, a living picture of a city of 1800 years ago.

During the last three months all excavations have been suspended at Pompeii, and no fewer than forty new ones were planned to give attraction to the centenary. To behold a fresh excavation in a buried city is often a very wonderful and interesting experience. Sometimes the cover is drawn blank, so to speak, and no object of mark or interest rewards the seekers. But often it is otherwise. In the time of the BOURBON King of Naples distinguished visitors to Pompeii used to be complimented by the opening of some fresh excavation in their honor. It is related that when the late Lord BROUGHAM visited Pompeii, such a compliment being paid to him, the result was a very striking one. A point was selected under which it was confidently conjectured there must be a dwelling-house, and spade and pickaxe went to work. Sure enough, there was the house, and there was its closed portal. A few skillful strokes opened it, and revealed for one brief moment a human figure standing there within it. The eye had barely time to take cognizance of this weird appearance—an earthy phantom revealed to the light of the sun after nearly two thousand years of dark oblivion—when in a flash it crumbled and was gone. A few handfuls of impalpable dust alone remained to tell of that long-buried human creature. At the centenary the excavations were made after the usual manner; that is, the upper stratum of earth had been previously removed, and only the customary five or six feet left covering the ancient floor-level of the building, on which, of course, any object left by the inhabitants may reasonably be looked for. One excavation was attended by Professor RUGGIERO personally, who seemed to be much gratified at the abundant harvest of antiquities it yielded. Indeed, the majority of the spectators laughed ironically as one object after another was drawn forth, as the laborers, beginning at the street entrance, raked down the stratum of light dry *lapilli*, or pumice-stone, and cinders. It is known that under the Bourbonic government, when any crowned head or distinguished personage was invited to see a Pompeiian house excavated, care was taken that the search should not be a barren one, as the objects found were always presented to his or her Majesty or Royal Highness. It is confidently asserted, however, that such practices have been discontinued, and that the objects found at the centenary were really the genuine and not unusual yield of a shop and upper chamber not previously ransacked. The first things found were chiefly bronze jugs and kitchen utensils of various forms and sizes, some very elegant and well preserved, especially a pair of vases with silver handles; there were fibulæ, brooches, bracelets, rings, coins, separate and also joined by corrosion into a mass at the bottom of a little casket; an elegant marble capital, but without the corresponding column; terra-cotta vases and plates; knives with bone handles; hinges, locks, and fragments of bronze requiring some study to name properly. As the excavation proceeded, however, a different class of objects came to light—wooden beams and sacks of corn partly carbonized, large amphoræ, and other indications of a provision store, showing that the contents of one floor had been precipitated on to the floor below. In the excavation attended by the professor, SALAZARO, and other spectators, a large bronze tray with gilt handles was found; a candelabrum; some shapes to bake pastry in; the impression in the earth of a wooden casket, which had perished, leaving only its lock and hinges, and some other trifles.

One of the most interesting discoveries was that of the shop of a seed merchant and seller of singing-birds, and very little imagination was required to see the place as it was the day before the fatal eruption of 79. At first the room seemed to have been a mere receptacle for a miscellaneous collection of bronze and earthenware objects. There was no special character about it. The walls bore no traces of painting, but, as the clearing was continued, to the left of the door on entering, a heap of millet seed was found, so carbonized that on taking up a handful it flowed between one's fingers, for every grain was separate and distinct. It was taken away in basketfuls. Close to this a quantity of hemp seed, and of what appeared to be small beans in the same well-preserved condition, were found, and among them considerable fragments of the sacks in which they had been kept, the fibre and texture clearly distinguishable. Behind these heaps and against the wall more seed was dug out, mixed with pieces of carbonized wood, iron hinges, and nails, and some iron hoops, evidently the remains of small barrels and bins which had been ranged on this side, while along the opposite wall a double row of terra-cotta ollæ for holding grain was gradually revealed. Suddenly there arose a cry, "Un osso!" "Un scheletro!" and the excitement became intense; but the bones were small—at first they seemed mere fragments, and then the director exclaimed, amid quickly following laughter, "A chicken!" Here the filling in had become somewhat solidified, and as it broke apart a complete skeleton was revealed. It was that of a little singing-bird, entirely imbedded in the mass, and near it were fragments of other tiny bones. There could no longer be any doubt that the use of the little terra-cotta pots had been correctly described. It became clear why so many of them were found there, and that the number of plain bronze rings of about an inch and a half in diameter, and pieces of fine chain-work discovered, had been used for hanging bird-cages.

With the conclusion of the excavations the proceedings of a singularly interesting day terminated. As the people turned away to find their carriages, or take their places in the trains, they were presented with copies of Professor RUGGIERO's address in an elegant cover ornamented in the Pompeiian style, and the title printed in Pompeiian lettering. Another tiny volume contained the Latin hexameters by Professor ANTONIO MIRABELLI, entitled "Ruinæ Pompeianæ," and by Professor QUINTINO GUANCIALI, entitled "Pompeium." These poems had been recited by their respective authors at the close of Signor RUGGIERO's address. In further commemoration of the day a large octavo volume has been printed, containing dissertations by illustrious Italian archæologists upon various themes concerning Vesuvius and the region buried in 79 A.D., and a full description of the excavations made in Pompeii carried down to the present year.

UP THE RIVER WITH A LUNATIC.

ALF DIXON, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping-out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr.—there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds. We talked little, and that little was of Lilian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore. Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping mustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It 'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you'll allow me."

"Not at all," he said; "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was impenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong."

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow-trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat, and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair; a habit of showing his teeth, and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my

muscles were strung, my fists clinched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

"N-o—nothing,' I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, Sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's."

"The—"

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore; when I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf; "in a minute."

"Why not now? Why not now, Sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said, "This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

"Now come," he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let's have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers, seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum."

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. "There's some mistake," he said; "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lilian Travers's father! I could have shrunk into my boots; I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted, and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lilian Travers's father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it: that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke; but he *must* have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusions to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we should never forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lilian Travers, nor do I wish to.

SERGEANT JASPER.

There was a splendid celebration on the 9th of October in the city of Savannah, the occasion being the laying of the corner-stone of a monument designed to commemorate the bravery of Sergeant Jasper, who fell at the siege of that city exactly a hundred years before. Our illustration on page 884 shows the general features of the civic and military parade, and some of the scenes with which the name of the gallant sergeant is connected.

Every school-boy knows by heart the brave deeds which made Jasper one of the heroes of the Revolution—his rescue of the prisoners at the spring which now bears his name, his gallant exploit at Fort Moultrie, and the devotion to his flag which cost him his life. Georgia does well to erect a monument to the memory of her modest and humble hero on the spot where he fell, and patriotic hearts will respond to the words in which General Gordon, in the course of his eloquent oration, drew attention to the qualities that make men admire him: "He was a private soldier, and one of the most illustrious representatives the world ever saw of those self-sacrificing men who in every army fill its ranks, suffer its bitterest privations, and bear the brunt of war. The heart of universal humanity will respond to this day's work as an act of justice, not only to Jasper himself, but to all private soldiers, whom he so conspicuously represents; and as this column rises on the spot where Jasper fell, it will proclaim to future ages your appreciation of the self-abnegation, the daring courage, and the unbought patriotism of that vast army of untitled soldiery who, with no incentive to action but devotion to duty, no prospect of distinction above the mass of their comrades, no hope of reward save the approval of conscience, their country, and their God, have gone down in the crash and carnage of war, to fill unlettered graves."

THE DAWN OF BETTER TIMES.

A study of our double-page of sketches in the streets and along the docks of New York will give our readers an idea of the vast commercial activity now prevailing in this city. Never since the close of the war has business been so brisk as it is this fall; and the prosperity of the commercial metropolis is an index of the general prosperity of the country. All over the land, from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, abundant harvests have rewarded the labor of the farmer and the planter; the hum of busy factories is heard where a few months ago the silence of stagnation brooded; railroads and canals are crowded to their utmost capacity with freight; and fleets of steam-ships and sailing vessels carry our products and manufactures to all the countries of Europe.

The contrast presented by the Old World is very striking. While peace and plenty reign in our country, disturbed only by trouble with the aborigines on our Western middle lands, Europe is distracted by apprehensions of wars, impoverished by immense standing armies, disheartened by bad harvests, and in terror of domestic convulsions. Thousands of industrious people forsake her shores, in despair of better times at home, and seek a refuge within our hospitable borders, where there is room and livelihood for all. Thus we not only supply the Old World with our products, receiving millions of dollars in exchange therefor, but afford more than ever before a hopeful outlet for her distressed surplus population.

The return of better times in this country is marked by many encouraging features. There is little of that wild spirit of speculation which has been dreaded by some of our contemporaries as a probable result of renewed prosperity. Advices from every part of the Union show that business men perceive the wisdom of conducting their affairs on a sound and safe basis, and are not misled by the craze for becoming suddenly rich, which a few years ago precipitated commercial disasters all over the land. The revival of prosperity in all branches of industry is in every respect a healthy one, and promises to be as substantial and lasting as it is vigorous.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent order from the Post-office Department in regard to misdirected letters, which has caused so much excitement, and which appears to have been to some extent misunderstood by the public, will undoubtedly have some good effect. People are careless, and some will always remain so. Many are ignorant, and will never be any wiser. But it is a favorable time now for the great mass of intelligent and educated letter-writers to exercise scrupulous care, until it becomes habitual, and for general information in regard to the proper way of addressing letters to be so widely circulated that those who are ignorant, the majority at least, shall be informed. Why might there not be in public schools a class in "addressing letters"? Such a class would combine instruction in writing, spelling, geography, and general neatness of execution—the latter point being by no means needless, for letters are often awkwardly addressed, even when correctly done, by tolerably well educated people. The Post-office Department is for the convenience of the people; but probably not one in a thousand ever gave a moment's consideration to the annoyance and confusion arising in the distribution of imperfectly addressed letters; for example, of those on which the State is omitted. If a letter is addressed to "Washington" simply, it might naturally be sent to the capital of the United States; and yet as there are in our country not far from 150—it is so stated—Washingtons, its proper delivery may be a very difficult matter. Post-office clerks should receive all the aid which the letter-writing public can give in the way of carefulness. Not a day passes but letters and packages are sent to the mail unaddressed or unsealed, even when containing money or valuables.

In this connection may be mentioned some of the curious addresses which exercise the ingenuity of Post-office clerks—*bona fide* examples: "Ellenouse" for Illinois, "Wornalie" for Warren's Alley, "Long Ilent" for Long Island, "Wridgewud" for Ridgewood, "Pilatelfia" for Philadelphia, "Serekuse" for Syracuse, "Ghocian" and "Gosen" for Goshen, "Perkipeey" for Poughkeepsie, "West Concine" for Wisconsin, "Missury" for Missouri, "Orench County" for Orange County, "Sincinatis" for Cincinnati, "Marilen" for Maryland, "Boolm Filde" for Bloomfield, "Consis" for Kansas, "Paice" for Passaic, "I. O. U." for Iowa.

Information should be spread far and wide, for the safety of the post-office employés, that live snakes, alligators, hornets, bees, wasps, turtles, horned frogs, cats, grasshoppers, etc., are not mailable matter, yet these creatures have been found in the mail-bags by the searcher department of the New York office within a few weeks past. It may also be added that dead animals are unmailable, though plenty have been found sent to the post-office. Among other articles found in the mail which never should be there are mentioned plum-pudding, sausages, custard, cheese, bread and butter, pistols, cartridges, torpedoes, glassware, carpenters' tools, pieces of machinery, and cases of dynamite. The list might be extended almost indefinitely.

Ou-Ray, the head chief of the Utes, has twice visited Washington, and having learned to sign his name, has frequently sent letters to the President, stating his grievances. He lives in a house, cultivates some sixty acres of ground, has a large flock of sheep, wears the clothing of a white man, rides around in a covered wagon, and has largely adopted the habits and customs of civilization.

During the third week in October a second crop of strawberries was gathered from the same vines at Martha's Vineyard.

An English soldier has honored the captive Zulu king by christening his child by the name of Cetywayo.

A telegram sent from Denver, Colorado, by W. J. Pollock to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is as follows: "The Governor and leading citizens here unanimously affirm that the Indians must be removed from the State, or exterminated by State if not by Federal force. Confidence, they say, can never be restored, and it is only a question whether the result will be attained at once, or by a slow and tedious warfare."

On October 18 there was a slight fall of rain in New York city—the first for nearly a month. At that time a drought was prevailing in many sections of the country. Streams and lakes were unusually low, and wells in various places that never failed before were dry.

Villages in ruins, valleys flooded, hundreds of lives lost, thousands of peasants wholly destitute, an immense destruction of property—such are the reports which come concerning the results of the recent disastrous inundations in Spain caused by the sudden overflowing of the rivers Mundo and Segura.

The Indians who have been committing violence in parts of New Mexico seem to have no connection with the Utes, but are Apaches.

New York Health Board inspectors intend to have the children of this city supplied with something more nourishing and less harmful than watered or adulterated milk. To this end they have confiscated and emptied into the river large quantities of fluid *purporting* to be "pure milk."

A singular accident occurred in Brooklyn not long ago. During a display of fire-works a rocket veered from the direction which it should have taken, after being ignited, and struck a Mrs. Jennings, who was seated at the window of a house, causing a fatal wound near the eye. The sharp-pointed end of the rocket passed through the cheek-bone, and broke the jaw-bone. The woman died in a few moments.

The crematory near Washington, Pennsylvania, was recently used for the special purpose for which it was built by Dr. Julius Le Moyne—the burning of his own body. This noted advocate of cremation died in his eighty-first year, after a long illness. The crematory was built upon his own farm, and has been used twice before—in the cremation of the bodies of Baron de Palm, and of Mrs. Jane Pitman. Dr. Le Moyne was a man of learning and wealth, and had given liberally in support of various literary institutions. For many years during the latter part of his life he was deeply interested in cremation, and spent much time in study and experiments in regard to this subject. He had made, long before his death, every arrangement for the cremation of his body, giving the most minute directions about the process and attendant ceremonies. All was done in accordance with his wish, without display or excitement. After some simple religious services, the body was conveyed to the crematory, and only the relatives and those necessary to do the work remained in the building. The cremation occupied about six hours.

The following pleasing incident is related concerning General Grant's visit in California: A little five-year-old boy came marching into his room with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. The little fellow started in to make a speech. He said, "General Grant, I have brought you this nice bouquet—" Here the child broke down, and said he had forgotten what else his mother had told him to say. The General smiled and took the boy upon his knee, thanked him for the flowers, and said, "Never mind, little man; you have now probably made a better speech than your mother could."

According to recently published statistics, there are now between six and seven millions of Jews in the various countries of the world. Of these about five millions are in Europe, more than half of whom reside in Russia. In the city of Berlin there are 45,000 Jews, nearly as many as there are in the whole of France, and more than there are in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian peninsula altogether. In Jerusalem there are about 13,500 Jews, and thirty synagogues.

The late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson began his ministry as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer in New Haven, Connecticut. A memorial service in token of affectionate regard for his character and work was held in that church on Sunday, October 5, the Rev. Dr. Todd preaching an eloquent sermon.

It is now stated that the poet Whittier found his original of Maud Muller in Maine. Long ago, as he was driving with his sister through the town of York, Maine, he stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near a stone wall answered his inquiries. Whittier noticed as she talked that she was fresh and fair, and that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet. He wrote the poem which has been so popular that very evening.

There is a rule existing that no works of living artists shall be exhibited in the Museum of Madrid. An exception has been made, however, in favor of a painting of a life-size lion, which Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has just presented to the Spanish government.

A short time ago a memorial tablet in honor of the late Lionel de Rothschild was erected and unveiled in the East London Synagogue.

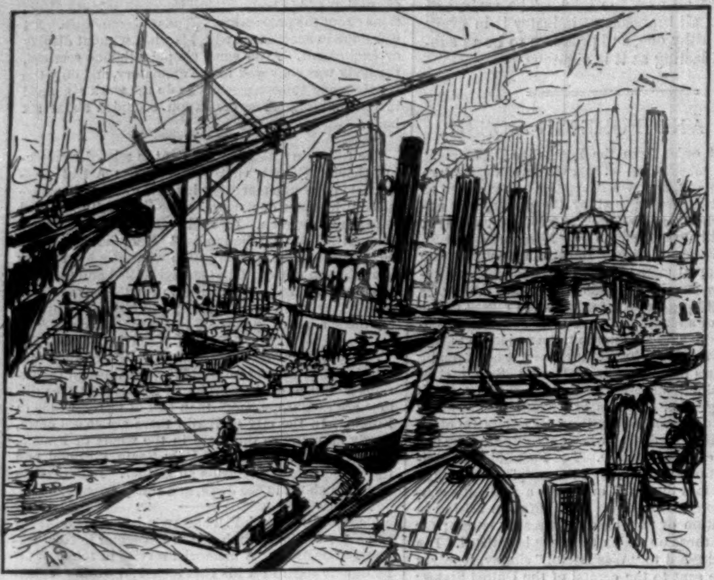
By another year it is expected that the famous Cologne Cathedral will be completed strictly according to the original plan. The first stone of this edifice was laid August 15, 1248, and now the two towers have only to be fitted with their massive caps of solid stonework. To accomplish this, it is necessary to erect two great scaffoldings to a dizzy height, and one of these is already nearly finished. After the caps are completed, gigantic foliated crosses nearly thirty feet high are to be erected upon the top of them to crown the towers. The name of the designer of this wonderful cathedral is lost in the obscurity of the Dark Ages.

Copenhagen papers relate that not long ago, while the King of Denmark was driving along the sea-side road leading from the capital to the Palace of Bernstoff, the royal equipage came into violent collision with a vehicle which was being incautiously driven by a well-known young actor. The King happily was unhurt, but his carriage received such serious damage that his Majesty alighted in order to finish the journey on foot. The young actor was greatly confused at his awkwardness, nor was his perplexity much relieved when the King addressed him something as follows: "My dear Mr. ——, I would really suggest to you the propriety of studying your part as coachman a little better next time. If you had not prepared yourself more carefully for previous performances in which I have seen you, I am afraid I should never have had the pleasure of witnessing your performances at all; and if you continue to appear in the *rôle* you have now taken up, with no better success than has attended you to-day, something may happen which will effectually deprive me of the pleasure of ever seeing you again."

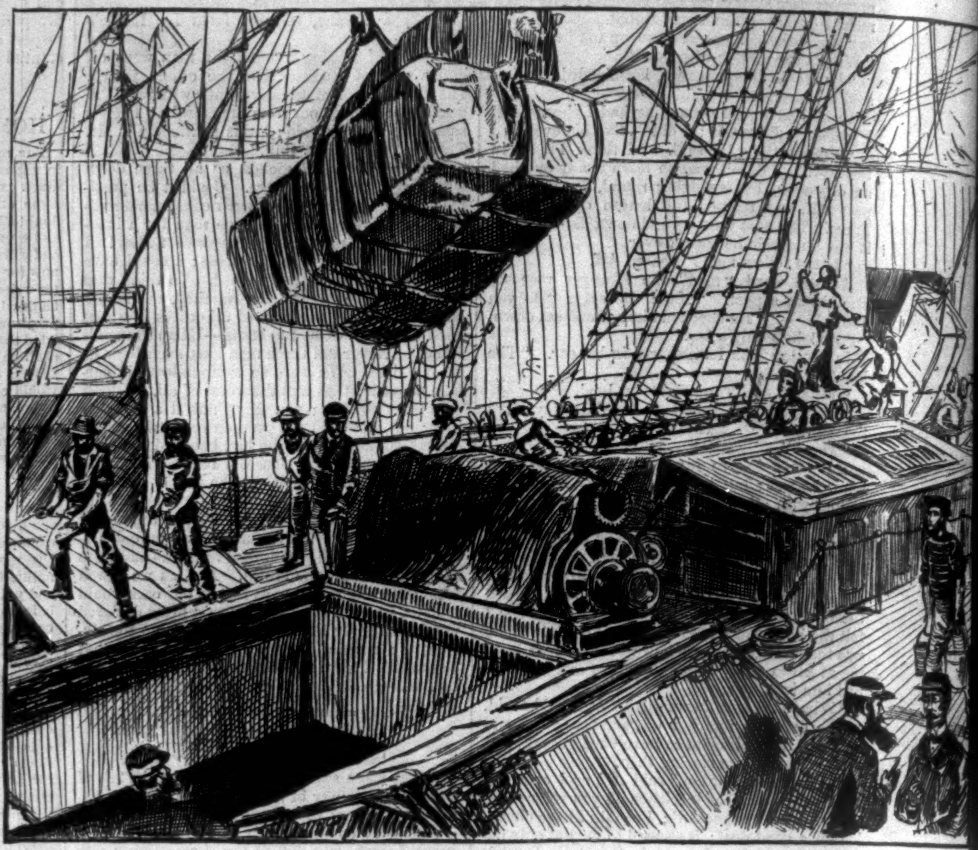
A remarkable case of poisoning is mentioned in the *Veterinary Journal*. By some careless mistake a quantity of tea leaves which had been left in a sack was given, mixed with corn, to Lord William Beresford's horse. It was eaten greedily, but produced the most startling effects. The animal plunged and kicked, and ran backward, at intervals galloping madly around, finally falling into a donga, where it lay dashing its head on the rocks, and was dispatched by an assegai thrust through the heart. The post-mortem appearances indicated extreme cerebral congestion.

In the Dresden exhibition of Raphael's works, now open, there are no less than 1376 reproductions, some in oil and water colors, others being engravings, photographs, and color prints. The collection also includes twenty-nine original, and for the most part well authenticated, drawings, and nineteen sketches and paintings in oil, concerning the authenticity of which there is some dispute.

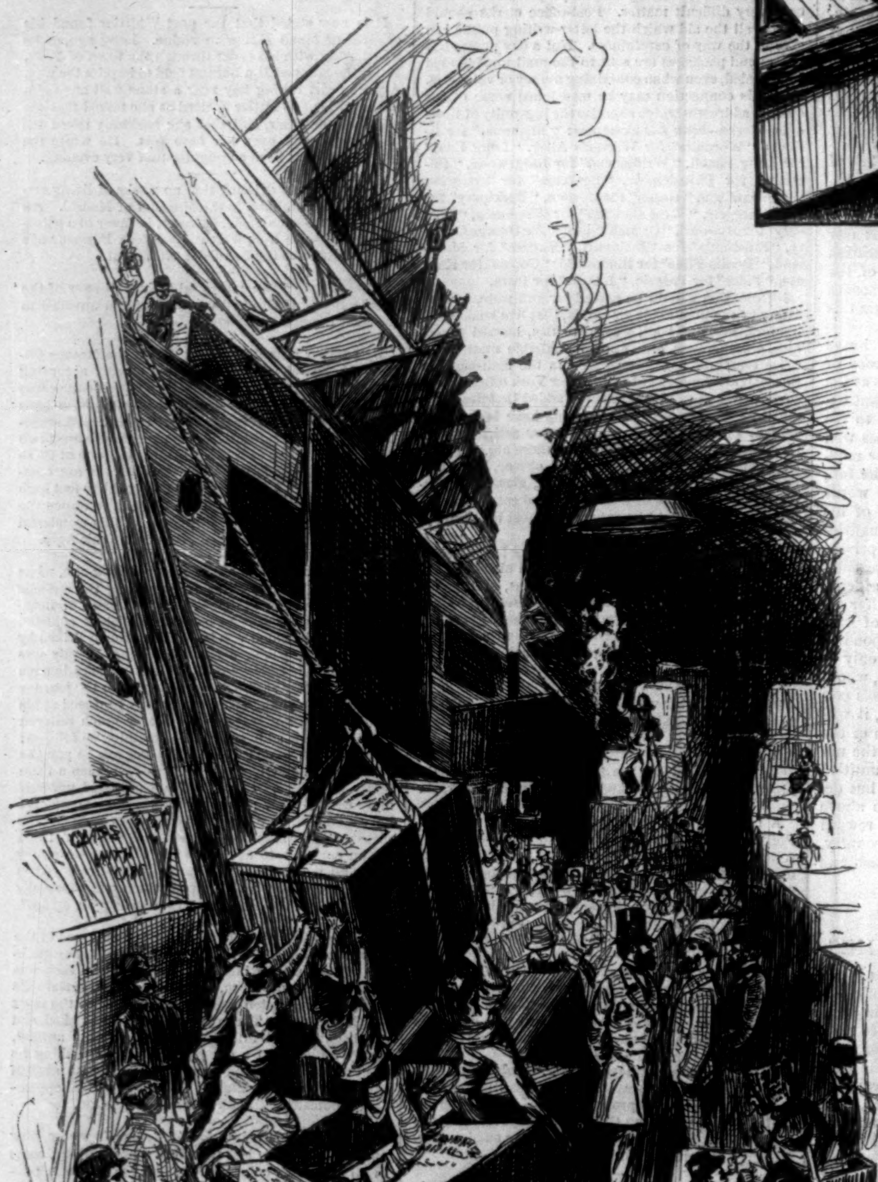
Who does not wish to travel, and especially to visit those most curious countries China and Japan? What about the fuss and trouble of packing, and the discomforts of dust and seasickness, do you ask? Well, if these are objectionable, join for an hour "The Boy Travellers," and reap the benefit of their observation, and escape all the inconvenience of the actual journey. With Fred and Frank, and Dr. Bronson to explain to us all that is curious and wonderful (for he is an old traveller), we are seated in our Pullman car, and, panorama-like, the overland route to California, with all its queer sights and scenes, unrolls itself before us. Buffaloes and elks march in stately procession, prairie-dogs sit and chatter near their holes, while far against the horizon a band of Indians on their shaggy ponies watch the flying train. Before we have fairly recovered from our astonishment, San Francisco is reached, and we are comfortably tucked in our berths on the Pacific Mail steamer, ready for a twenty days' voyage. What with water and water-spouts, and all that is novel in a long voyage, the time passes quickly, and ere we are well aware, the steamer anchors before Yokohama. Now, indeed, the wonders really begin; but space and time fail, and so we must refer our readers to the volume itself (*The Boy Travellers*, by Thomas W. Knox, published by Harper & Brothers), whose profuse illustrations and attractive narrative will amply repay a careful perusal.



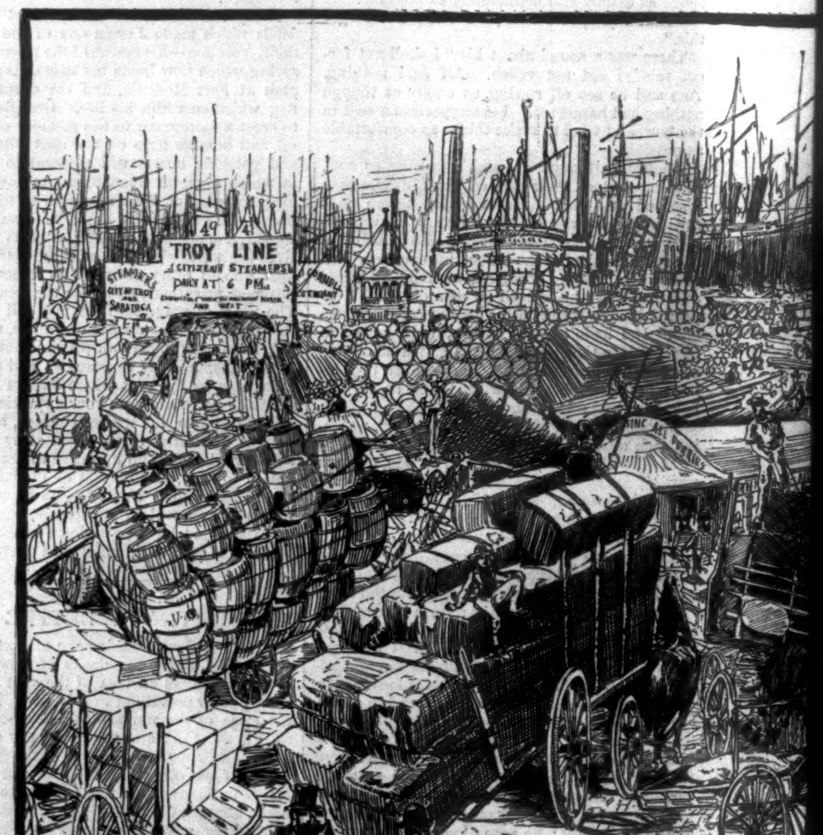
A BUSY SCENE AT A FERRY SLIP.



LOADING COTTON.

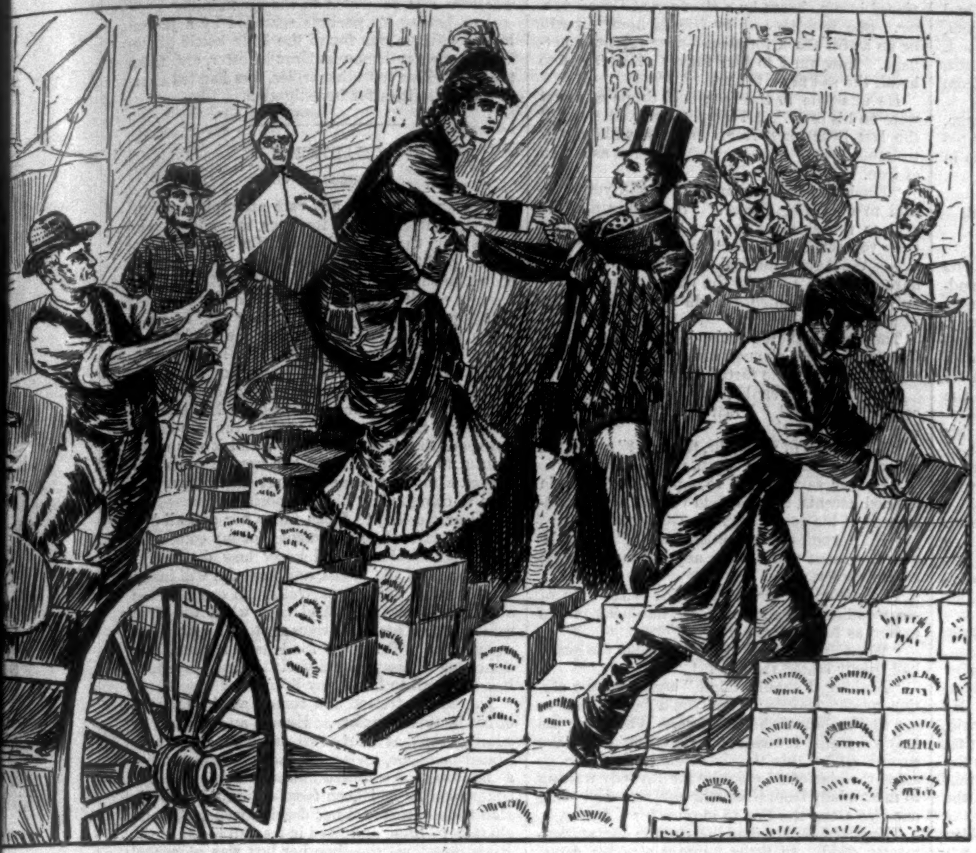


FREIGHT FOR EUROPE.

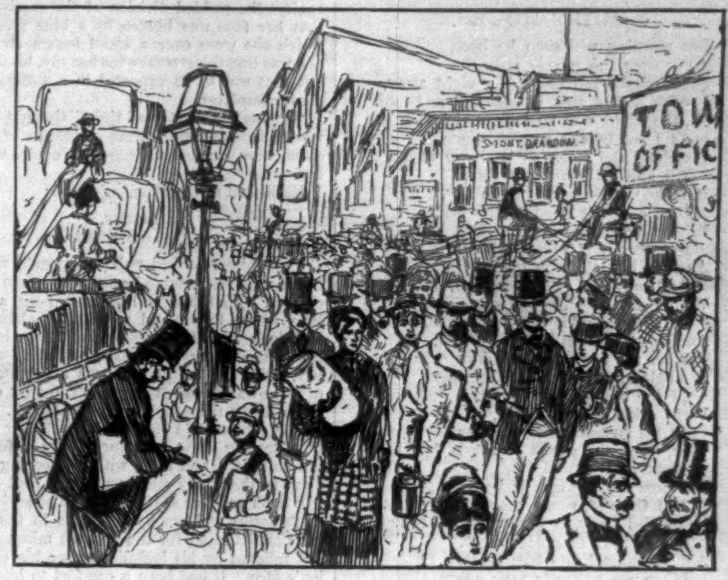


A JAM ON WEST S

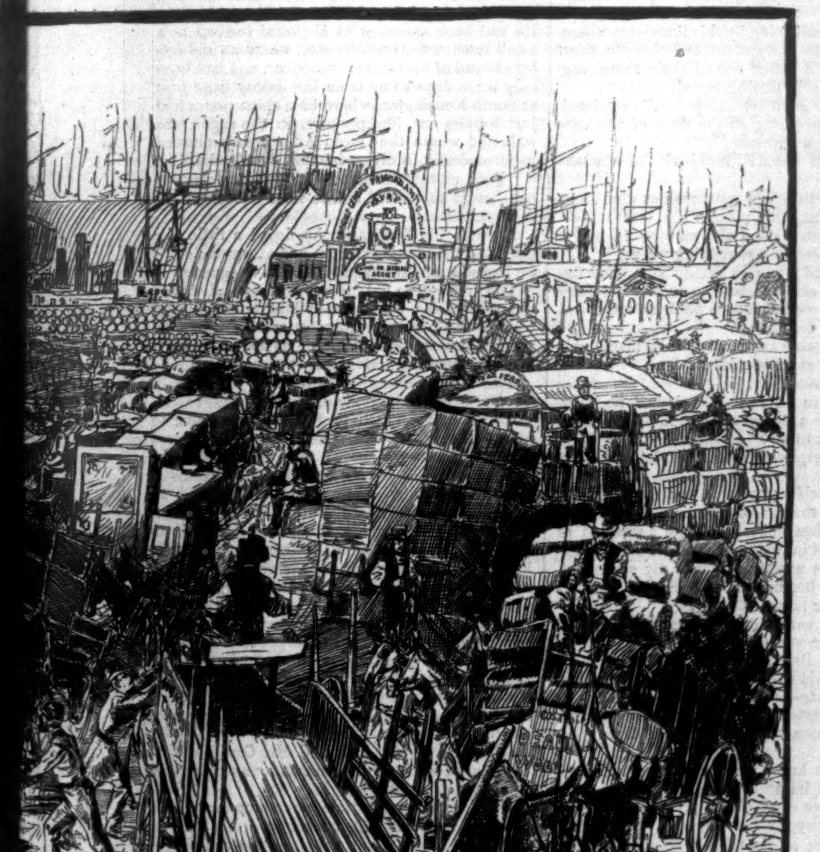
THE DAWN OF BETTER DAYS—BUSY SCENES IN THE S



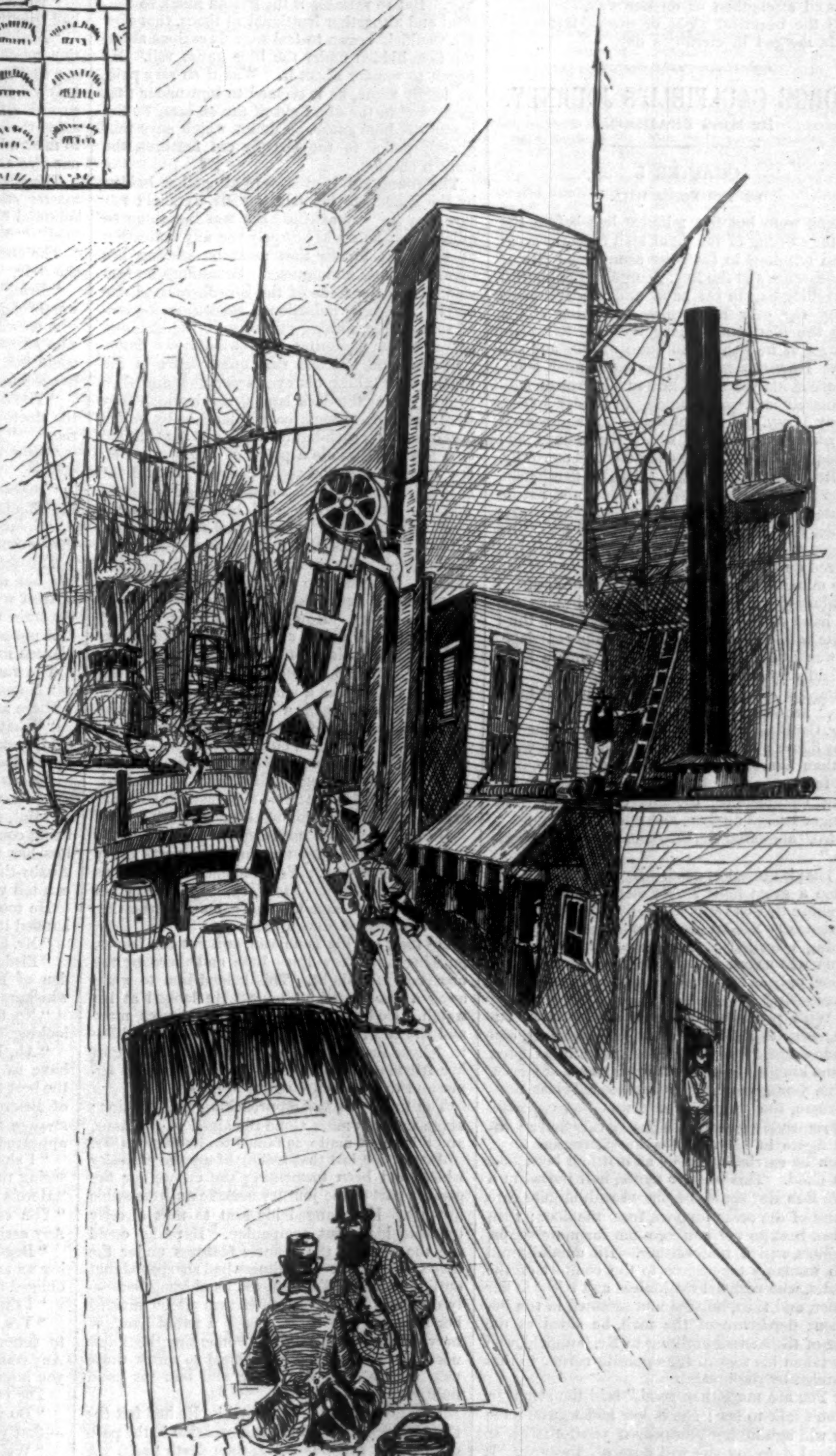
AN EVERY-DAY INCIDENT—WEST SIDE.



THE QUITTING HOUR—HOMEWARD BOUND.



EST S , NORTH RIVER.



GRAIN-ELEVATOR—UNLOADING A CANAL-BOAT.

E S TS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.—[See Page 887.]

QUIET HOURS.

THE morning will soon be here,
For over the purple hill
The daylight is chasing the night away,
With a foot that is noiseless and still.
Oh, the night was so long, so long!
As I sat by the window alone,
Watching the moon as it slowly rose
Till above the trees it shone.
It looked, as it hung in the sky,
Like a goblet filled to the brim
With wine of an amber, golden hue;
But now it is white and dim,
As if it had all been quaffed,
And only the glass remained,
With the faintest, palest, shimmering tinge
To show what it then contained.
And once, when it fullest seemed,
With the sparkling, glittering wine,
A single star, like a fleck of foam
Of the precious juice of the vine,
Went drifting, drifting off,
As we sometimes lose a day
That, when the goblet of life is full,
Silently floats away.
But now the daylight is here,
And the sad, vague thoughts of night
Have died away, as the sunbeams fall
Like arrows of golden light.
Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these,
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And think of his tender love,
That help us to braver be,
And strengthen us on our way,
Till the beautiful night of life at last
Is merged in eternity's day.

GEORGE CAULFIELD'S JOURNEY.

BY MISS BRADDON.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE NIGHT MAIL.

THERE were but five minutes left before the time for starting of the night mail from the great central terminus in the busy commercial city of Grandchester, and the Rev. George Caulfield, with a travelling-bag in his hand and a comfortable railway rug over his arm, was walking slowly along the platform, peering into the first-class carriages as he went by in quest of ease and solitude. He was a man of reserved temper, bookish beyond his years, and he had a horror of finding himself imprisoned among five noisy spirits, cottony, horsy, and of that boisterous and coarsely spoken temperament which the refined and gentle parson would have characterized as rowdy. The Reverend George was a Christian gentleman, but so far as it was possible for his mild nature to hate any one, he hated fast young men. He was not fond of strangers in a general way. He endured them, but he did not love them. He had lingered on the platform till the train was within three minutes of starting, in the hope of securing for himself the luxury of privacy; but as the long hand of the station clock marked the third minute before eleven, he espied an empty carriage, and was in the act of entering it, when a hand was laid very gently on his sleeve.

"Pardon me, Sir," said a somewhat agitated voice, "are you a medical man?"

Mr. Caulfield turned, and confronted a man of slight figure and middle height, some years younger than himself—a man with a pale face, delicate features, and soft black eyes: a very interesting countenance, thought the curate. The stranger looked anxious and hurried.

"No," answered Mr. Caulfield; "I am a clergyman."

"That is almost as good. My dear Sir, will you do me a great favor? My sister, an invalid, is travelling by this train, alone, but she will be met by friends at Milldale Junction. She is very ill—nothing infectious; chest complaint, poor girl. If you will afford her the privilege of your protection, only as far as Milldale, you will oblige me enormously."

"With pleasure," said the good-natured curate, sorry to lose the delight of loneliness, embarrassed at the idea of an unknown invalid, but far too kind to shrink from doing an act of mercy.

The young man ran to the second-class waiting-room, the door of which was just opposite, and returned almost immediately, carrying a muffled figure in his arms—a small, fragile form, which he carried as easily as if it had been that of a child. This slender figure, half buried in a large Rob Roy shawl, he placed with infinite care in one of the seats farthest from the door; then he ran back to the waiting-room for more wraps, a pillow, and a foot-warmer. He administered with womanly tenderness to the comfort of the invalid, who reclined motionless and silent in her corner, and then, hurried and agitated in the imminent departure of the mail, he stood at the door of the carriage talking to Mr. Caulfield, who had taken his seat in the opposite corner to that occupied by the invalid.

"You are more than good," said the stranger. "Don't talk to her; she is low and nervous, and you will agitate her painfully if you force her to talk. I dare say she will doze all the way. It is only an hour from here to Milldale, and no stoppage till you get there. Oh, by-the-way, kindly take this bottle, and if she should turn faint or giddy on the way, give her a few drops of the contents. There goes the flag. Will you allow me to offer you my card? I am deeply indebted. Good-night."

For the first few minutes Mr. Caulfield felt so confused and disturbed by the suddenness of the charge that had been forced upon him that he hardly knew what he was doing. Then he glanced at the lady, and saw with a feeling of relief that her head was reposing comfortably against the padded division of the carriage, and that her face was hidden by a blue gauze veil, which she wore over a small brown straw hat. She was breathing somewhat heavily, he thought, but that was to be expected in a sufferer from chest complaint.

"I hope her heart is all right," thought George, with a sudden sense of the awfulness of his position were his invalid charge to expire while in his care.

He looked at the stranger's card:

MR. ELSDEN,
Briergate.

The address looked well. Briergate was one of the most respectable business streets in Grandchester. Doubtless it had once been a rustic lane, where briers and roses grew abundantly, and the bees and butterflies, and village lads and lasses, made merry amidst odors of new-mown hay. Nowadays Briergate was a narrow street of lofty warehouses, tall enough to shut out the sun, a street that smelled of machine oil.

The express had cleared Grandchester by this time, tearing along a viaduct above a forest of tall chimneys, and then, with a sweeping curve, away to the windy open country, a land as wild and fresh and free as if there were no such things as factories and smoky chimneys in the world. Mr. Caulfield had for the first ten minutes or so felt relieved by his inability to see his companion's face. It had been a comfort to him to behold her placidly asleep yonder, requiring no attention, leaving him free to dip into Tennyson's last idyl, which he carried uncut in his travelling-bag. But so variable is the human mind, so fanciful and altogether irrational at times, that now Mr. Caulfield began to feel vaguely curious about the face hidden under the blue gauze veil. He began to wonder about it. Was it so very pale, so deadly white, as it seemed to him under that gauze veil in the dim light of the oil lamp? No, it was the blue gauze, no doubt, which gave that ghastly pallor to the sharply cut features, the sunken cheeks.

The young lady's eyes were altogether hidden by the shadow of her hat, but Mr. Caulfield felt sure that she was asleep. She was breathing so quietly that he could scarcely see any indication of the faint breath that must be stirring her breast in gentle undulations. Sometimes he fancied he saw the folds of the Rob Roy shawl rise and fall in regular pulsations. Sometimes it seemed to him that nothing stirred save the shadows moved by the flickering of the wind-blown flame.

He sat and watched that quiet figure in the corner, only taking his eyes away now and then to look out at the dark land through which they were speeding, to see a cozy village, lit by half a dozen farthing rush-lights, flit by like a phantom, or a town that made a patch of angry glare on the edge of the horizon. Useless to think of enjoying Tennyson by the sickly gleam of that wretched lamp! He curled himself up in his warm rug, he closed his eyes, and tried to sleep. In vain. He was thinking of the face under the blue veil. He was broad awake—hopelessly awake. He could do nothing but sit and contemplate the figure reposing so quietly in the opposite corner. How he longed for Milldale Junction! He looked at his watch. The inexorable dial told him that it was only half an hour since he left Grandchester. His own sensations told him that it was a long night of agony.

"I never took such a miserable journey," he said to himself. "If she would only throw back that veil—if she would only speak to me—if she would only stir, or make some little sign of life! It is like travelling with Death personified. Were she to lift that veil this instant, I should expect to see a grinning skull underneath."

He had been told not to speak to her, but the inclination to disobey that injunction was every instant intensifying. Yet, if she were sleeping as placidly as she seemed to sleep, it would be cruel to disturb her; and he was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

He took out his Tennyson, and cut the leaves, puzzling out a few lines here and there by the uncertain lamp-light. This helped him to while away a quarter of an hour. He looked at his watch. God be praised! fifteen minutes more and the train was due at Milldale. What bliss to deliver that poor creature into the keeping of her friends—to have done with that muffled figure and that unseen face forever!

The train was fast approaching the junction; seven minutes more alone remained of the hour, and this night mail was famed for its punctuality.

Just at the last that feeling of morbid curiosity which had been tormenting the curate for the greater part of the journey became an irresistible impulse. He changed his seat to that directly opposite his silent companion. Here he could see the form of the delicate features under the blue veil. How cruelly illness had sharpened that outline! The girl's ungloved hand hung listlessly over the morocco-covered arm which divided her seat from the next. Such a pallid hand, so nerveless in its attitude! Something, he knew not what, prompted Mr. Caulfield to touch those pale fingers. He bent over, and laid his hand lightly upon them.

Great God, what an icy hand! He had felt the touch of death on many a sad occasion in the path of duty, but this was colder than death itself. A cry of horror burst from his lips. He snatched aside the gauze veil, and saw a face purpled by the awful shadow of death.

"Milldale Junction! Change here for Broughborough, Mudford, Middlebridge, Sloughcombe"—and a string of names that dwindled into silence far away along the platform.

George Caulfield sprung out of the railway carriage like a man distraught. He seized upon the nearest guard.

"For God's sake tell me what to do!" he cried. "There is a lady in that carriage dead, or dying. Indeed, I fear she is actually dead. She was placed in my charge by a stranger at Grandchester. She is to be met by friends here. It will be an awful shock for them—near relatives, perhaps. How am I to find them? How am I to break the sad news to them?"

He was pale to the lips; cold drops of sweat were on his brow. All the pent-up excitement of the last hour burst from him now with uncontrollable force. The guard was as calm as a man of iron.

"Fetch the station-master here, will you?" he said to a passing porter. "Sad thing, Sir," he said to the agitated curate; "but you'd better keep yourself quiet. Such misfortunes will happen. We'll get a medical man here presently. I dare say there's one in the train. Perhaps the lady has only fainted. Hadn't you better step inside and sit with her?"

They were standing at the door of the carriage. George Caulfield glanced with a shudder at that muffled figure in the farthest corner.

"No," he answered, profoundly agitated, "I could do no good. I fear there is no hope. I fear she is dead."

"No relation of yours, Sir, the lady?" asked the guard, scrutinizing the curate rather curiously.

"I never saw her till to-night;" and then, in flurried accents, Mr. Caulfield related the circumstances of his departure from Grandchester.

"Here comes the station-master," said the guard, without vouchsafing any comment on the curate's story.

The station-master was a business-like man, of commanding presence, and Mr. Caulfield turned to him as for protection.

"What am I to do?" he asked, when the guard had briefly stated the case.

"Nothing, I should think," answered the station-master, shortly; "but you'd better stay to see the upshot of the business. Where are the lady's friends, I wonder? They ought to have turned up by this time. Johnson, just you go along the platform to inquire for anybody waiting to meet a lady from Grandchester, and send some one else along the line to inquire for a doctor."

The guard departed on his errand; the station-master staid. In three minutes a porter came, followed by an elderly man, bearded and spectacled. "Medical gentleman, Sir," said the porter.

The doctor got into the carriage and looked at the lady.

"Bring me a better light," he asked, and a lamp was brought.

A crowd was collecting by this time—travellers who scented some excitement, and thought they could not make a better use of their remaining five minutes than in finding out all about it.

"You'd better send for the police," exclaimed the doctor, re-appearing at the door of the carriage. "This is a bad case."

"How do you mean?" inquired the station-master.

"I mean that this poor creature has died from the effects of a narcotic poison."

"Great Heaven!" cried the curate; "I had a presentiment there was something wrong."

The doctor and a porter lifted the muffled figure out of the carriage, and conveyed it to the nearest waiting-room. Three minutes more and the train would be moving.

A police constable appeared as if by magic, and planted himself at the curate's side.

The guard came back.

"Nobody here to meet the lady," he said. "There must be a mistake somewhere."

"What am I to do?" demanded George Caulfield, looking helplessly from the station-master to the doctor.

"Keep yourself as quiet as you can, I should say," answered the station-master.

"But, good heavens! I may be suspected of being concerned in this poor creature's death unless her friends appear to verify my statement. Ah, by-the-bye, her brother gave me his card. I can tell you her name, at any rate."

He took the card from his breast pocket and handed it to the station-master.

"Mr. Elsden, Briergate," the man read aloud.

"Elsden," said the doctor. "I know an Elsden of Briergate—a big man with large white whiskers?" he interrogated, turning to the curate.

"No, this was a young man; pale, dark, good-looking."

"Ah, I don't know who he can be. There'll have to be an inquest to-morrow morning, and the best thing we can do is to telegraph to Elsden of Briergate directly the office is open. Very strange that the lady's friends should not have appeared."

"I shall lose my train," cried George Caulfield, seeing the last lingerers hurrying to their places. "Here's my card," handing one to the doctor. "You can communicate to me at that address. Any assistance that I can give—"

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said the constable, laying an authoritative hand upon him. "I shall be obliged to detain you till this business is settled."

"I shall be wanted as a witness at the inquest?"

"Yes, Sir; most likely, Sir. It will be my duty to detain you. Better not talk too freely, Sir. Any statement you now make may be used against you later on."

The curate looked at him in surprise.

"Do you mean to say that I am your prisoner—that you want to lock me up?"

"Well, yes, Sir. Very suspicious case, you see. Young lady poisoned—friends not forth-coming. No doubt you'll be able to explain matters to-morrow, but for to-night you must consider yourself in custody."

"Yes, of course I shall be able to explain," said George Caulfield, calm and bold, now that he found himself face to face with actual peril, "but it is a most painful position. I feel that a trap has been set for me."

"You had better hold your tongue," said the doctor.

So the London mail left without George Caulfield, who was conveyed in a cab to Milldale Jail, where he was subjected to the ignominious process of having his pockets searched by a jailer. In one of them was found the little bottle given him by the gentleman at Grandchester, and this, together with a few other trifles, was handed over to the authorities for investigation.

CHAPTER II.

IN DURANCE VILE.

INSTEAD of making any vain attempt at sleep, George Caulfield asked for pens, ink, and paper, and a lamp that would last him for the best part of the night; and on these luxuries being conceded, he sat down to write a long letter to his mother, relating all the circumstances of his miserable journey, and entreating her not to take alarm at his situation, whatever she might read about him in the newspapers. This letter, which would travel by the morning post, could be preceded by a telegram, informing the old lady that her son was safe, and detained at Milldale on business. Some hours of anxiety the son could not spare that beloved mother; and it was more painful to him to think of her trouble when five o'clock came and brought no returning traveller, than to contemplate his own position.

"Dear old lady! I can fancy her and all her neat and careful arrangements for my comfort," mused Mr. Caulfield. "I know how distrustful she will be of the maids, and how she will insist upon getting up at four o'clock in order to see about my breakfast. And then when the time comes, and no hansom drives up to the gate, what agonies she will suffer! for I have never accustomed her to disappointments. I have never broken my word to her in my life."

The curate fretted and fumed at the thought of his mother's anxiety. He was an only and an adoring son—at thirty-two years of age a confirmed bachelor, loving no one on earth as well as he loved the widowed mother whose cherished companion he had been from childhood upward. Had she not removed her dearly loved goods and chattels to Eton, and lived in a small house in the High Street all the time her boy was at school there? Had she not followed him to Cambridge as faithfully as a sutler follows a camp? And now she had one of the prettiest houses in South Kensington, and her son was first curate at the most intensely Gothic church in that locality. George Caulfield's mother was the love of his life. He had been assisting at a choral festival at a small town near Grandchester, where an old college friend of his father's was vicar, and had been only three days away from the dainty little nest at South Kensington, where blue china plates had just broken out, like pimples, on the sage-green wall, and where the Queen Anne mania showed itself modestly in divers inexpensive details.

"Poor mother!" sighed George; "a telegram can hardly reach her before nine o'clock at the earliest."

He read his Tennyson; he dozed a little; he got rid of the night somehow, and at seven o'clock he had written and dispatched two telegrams.

The first was to his mother; the second was to the vicar, from whom he had parted at eleven o'clock the previous morning, and to whom he was inclined to look for succor, as one of the cleverest and most energetic men he knew.

This latter message was brief:

"From George Caulfield, Milldale Jail, to Edward Leworthy, Freshmead Vicarage.—Come to me at once, for God's sake! I am in a great difficulty."

Mr. Caulfield's janitor brought him a comfortable breakfast by-and-by, and was inclined to sympathize. He knew a gentleman when he saw one, he told the curate, though he had had to deal with a rough lot in this beastly hole. He had seen a good many murderers in his time, and the possibility of his prisoner's guilt made very little difference to his feelings. Guilty or not guilty, a man who was free-handed with half-crown pieces was entitled to respect. The difference between a half-crown and a florin was just the difference between your real gentleman and the spurious article. The actual amount was not much, but that odd sixpence marked the distinction.

This functionary informed Mr. Caulfield that the inquest was to take place at four o'clock that afternoon.

"Which gives you time to communicate with your solicitor," he added, grandly.

"But I haven't any solicitor," answered the prisoner. "I never have had any law business in my life."

"So much the better for you, Sir," responded the jailer, sententiously; "but you must have a lawyer to watch this here case for you."

"I'll wait till my friend the vicar of Freshmead comes, and take his advice about it," said George. "I know he'll come as soon the rail can bring him."

His confidence was not ill placed. Soon after noon Mr. Leworthy was ushered into his room. He was between fifty and sixty—a man with a countenance full of vivid intelligence, bright brown eyes, and gray hair, worn longer than the fashion. It was altogether a poetic head; but the man's temperament fitted him for action and effort as thoroughly as his intellect gave him mastery in brain-work.

Such a friend as this was verily a friend in need. The two men clasped hands, and for the first minute George Caulfield was speechless.

"Tell me all about it," said the vicar, sitting down by his friend's side with as cheerful an air as if it were a common thing for him to find a friend in prison.

George Caulfield related his dreadful adventure of the previous night, the vicar listening intently, with knitted brows.

"It looks very like murder," he said at last. "The poor creature was carried to the station in a dying state, and that stertorous breathing

you noticed when the train started was the last struggle. Don't be afraid, my dear boy; there's not the slightest reason for uneasiness. Our business is to find out all about this poor lady, and the man who placed her in the train. She must have been brought to the station in some kind of vehicle—cab, Bath-chair, something. The first thing to be done is to have inquiries made among the cabmen and cab proprietors. The police will do all that; but I shall have to watch your interests in the matter. You must have a clever lawyer too to watch the case. Brockbank, of Grandchester, will be the man—always about the criminal court there, up to every move. I'll telegraph for him instantly. The inquest is to be at four, you say. I must get it put off till five."

"How good you are!" exclaimed George, "and how clever!"

"I'm a man of the world, that's all. Some pious people think that a parson has no right to be a man of the world, forgetting who it was that told us to be wise as serpents. I'm not the popular idea of a parson, you know, by any means; but I can serve a friend as well as your strait-laced specimen of the breed."

He was a man of abounding cheerfulness and infinite capacity for work, as prone to embellish his conversation with occasional flowers of modern slang now as he had been forty years ago at Eton. He was just the man George Caulfield wanted in this crisis of his life.

He telegraphed to the Grandchester attorney, and got the inquest postponed from four till five. He saw the medical man, he talked to the police. A police officer had started for Grandchester by an early train to hunt up the owner of the card, and obtain as much information as could be got in a few hours.

The inquest was held at the chief hotel in Milldale, in a large dining-room, which was only used on civic and particular occasions. Here, under a blaze of gas, the curate of St. Philemon's, South Kensington, found himself for the first time in his life face to face with a British jury and a British coroner.

Mr. Hargrave, M.R.C.S., general practitioner at Milldale, declared that the deceased, name unknown, had died from the effects of a large dose of laudanum. There had been no *post-mortem*, and he saw no necessity for one. The color of the face, the odor of the lips, the abnormal coldness of the corpse, were sufficient evidence as to the nature of the poison. The bottle found in the prisoner's possession contained laudanum.

Sensation!

The railway guard and station-master stated all they knew about the arrival of the deceased at Milldale Junction. Both described the prisoner as violently agitated.

The constable who had been sent to Grandchester was next examined.

He had found Mr. Elsden, of Briergate—a man of sixty, stout, gray, bald—in every attribute unlike the man described so graphically by Mr. Caulfield. Mr. Elsden had been able to offer no suggestion as to the stranger who had made such a shameful use of his card.

The constable had afterward gone to no less than four cab yards, where he had made all inquiries possible in a limited time. He had been unable to find any cabman who had driven an invalid lady to the station on the previous evening. He had next hunted out the only Bath-chair proprietor to be found in Grandchester, with the same result. Time had not allowed him to visit the numerous chemists' shops in that thriving city, and that remained to be done.

There was no evidence on Mr. Caulfield's behalf, except the vicar of Freshmead's evidence as to his character and antecedents, and to the fact that he only parted with him at eleven o'clock on the previous morning at the Freshmead Road Station. Freshmead was seven miles from Grandchester.

"What was Mr. Caulfield going to do when he left you?"

"He was going to spend the day in Grandchester."

"Has he friends or acquaintances in that city?"

"No. He was going to look at the cathedral and law courts, and to spend an hour or two in the Oldbury Library."

"He was to dine somewhere, I suppose?"

"He meant to dine at a restaurant. There are a good many dining-places in Grandchester; he could take his choice among them."

After this witness had been examined, the inquiry was adjourned for a week.

At the close of the proceedings Mr. Brockbank, the lawyer, asked if his client might be released on bail, the vicar of Freshmead being prepared to offer himself as security to any amount; but the coroner replied that the case was of too serious a nature to admit of bail.

So Mr. Caulfield went back to the stony place whence he had come, where the utmost privilege that could be accorded him was the liberty to see his friends at stated hours, and to have his meals supplied from an adjacent hotel.

His spirits would have assuredly gone down to the point of utter despondency on that gloomy winter evening, when the mouldy fly that had conveyed him to the George Hotel carried him back to the jail, had he not been supported and sustained by the indomitable cheerfulness of his friend the vicar.

"What do you think of the case now?" he asked.

"Think!" cried Mr. Leworthy. "Why, that I shall have so much to do in Grandchester ferreting out this mystery of yours during the next six days that I don't know how the deuce my parish work is to get done."

"Won't you employ the police?"

"Of course I shall; but I shall employ myself too. Don't you be down-hearted, George. I mean to see you safely through this business, and I shall do it right away, as they say on the other side of the Atlantic."

George Caulfield's confidence in his father's old friend was unbounded. He had seen in the past how the vicar of Freshmead could conquer difficulties which the ruck of men would have found insurmountable. Mr. Leworthy dined with him as cheerfully as if they had been eating white-bait at Greenwich, or turtle in Aldersgate Street, under the most exhilarating circumstances; and stimulated by the force of example, George, who had scarcely broken his fast since he left Grandchester, found himself enjoying the tavern steak and the tavern claret.

His friend left him soon after dinner to go back to Grandchester by the nine-o'clock train; and then came a dreary interval until ten, when the prisoner lay down on his pallet bed and slept soundly, exhausted by the bewildering emotions of the last twenty-four hours. He was very down-hearted now that he had before him the prospect of a week's solitude in that miserable cell, for Mr. Leworthy had told him that he should not return to Milldale until the day fixed for the adjourned inquiry, by which time he hoped to have unearthed the man who had used Mr. Elsden's card.

An agitating surprise awaited Mr. Caulfield next morning. While he was breakfasting dismally upon tea and dry toast, the guardian of his solitude came in to tell him that a lady wished to see him.

"A lady!" cried the curate. "There must be some mistake. I don't know a creature in the town. Pray don't let me be made a show of to gratify any one's morbid curiosity."

"Lord love you, Sir, as if we should do such a thing! It's all right; the lady's got an order. She's a relative, no doubt."

The man withdrew into the stony passage outside; then came a rustling sound George Caulfield knew well—a sweeping, stately step, and an elderly lady, gray and tall and slim, came quickly in and threw her arms round his neck.

"Mother," cried the curate, "how could you do such a thing?"

"How could I do anything else?" said his mother, striving heroically to be cheerful. "Do you suppose I was going to stay in London after I received your letter? The postman brought the letter at seven, Sophia had my trunk packed by half past, and Jane had a cab at the door—such good girls, and so anxious about you! I was at Euston by ten minutes past eight, and caught the train that leaves at eight-fifteen. I was at Milldale half an hour after midnight—too late to come here, of course, so I went to the nearest hotel. The chamber-maid told me they were sending you your meals. I felt quite interested in them, and at home with them directly."

She was a wonderful old lady, carried herself so bravely, spoke so brightly, looked at her son with eyes so full of confidence and hope. He would have been unworthy of such a mother had he not faced his position unfalteringly. They sat down side by side on the prison bench, and he told her all that had happened since he wrote his letter to her, and spoke as if nothing were more certain than his speedy justification.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BETROTHAL AND BRIDAL CUSTOMS.

The custom of introducing cakes is, like many other observances, of heathen origin. Brides, on the day before their marriage, sacrificed cakes to Diana to secure her favor. Later on, modifications of the heathen customs became ingrafted on the religious observances of the early Christians. It was usual amongst the latter to send the surplus wine and bread that had been blessed at the Eucharist to the newly married, to be partaken by them alone, and possibly to this observance may be traced the custom of giving a drink of wine and sopped cake to the bridegroom in the church. In this mixture it was also usual to soak flowers. Thus the sops-in-wine came to be a fanciful name for pinks and carnations, which were generally used for that purpose.

Cakes, wafers, and the like were blessed and put into sweet wine, which was presented to the bride, and probably these flowers were thought to resemble them. It has been inferred that such pinks were often put into wine to give it a flavor. Blount, in his "Tenures," alludes to a "sextury of July-flower wine." It was, however, usual to have substantial sops in wine at weddings, as one of the officials at Petruchio's marriage found out to his cost, when that erratic tamer of shrews

"Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face."

This custom (not the throwing the sops) is alluded to by Dekker (1602):

"And when we are at church bring the wine and cakes."

An old song (1606) says:

"Sops in wine, spice, cakes are a-dealing."

Again, in the "Compleat Vintner" (1720):

"What priest can join two lovers' hands,
But wine must seal the marriage bands?"

It would be interesting, if space allowed, to describe at length the old customs of throwing rice and corn, and bedding the bride and bridegroom, the struggle for his points and garters—from which originated the more graceful custom of distributing wedding favors—throwing the slipper, and other incidental observances. The elder sister was bound to dance barefoot at the wedding of a younger one, or the inevitable fate will happen which is foretold by Katharina:

"She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, *lead apes in hell.*"

So Queen Fadadinida, who on the death of King Chrononhotonthologos agrees, for the sake of peace, to marry both her courtiers, Aldeborontiphoschophornio and Rigdon-Funnidos, thus disposes of her faithful maid-of-honor, Tatlanthe:

"Pity for you, who've served so long, so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell;
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round—
Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pounds."

Not a bad "dot" for a needy courtier.

The origin of the prevalent belief as to the final fate of old maids is, though more ancient, as obscure as that which prevails concerning good Americans, who, when they die, go to Paris.

Old maids, generally speaking, are exposed to undeserved ridicule. There are many who have remained faithful to the memory of lost love, or have elected from choice a life of single blessedness, whilst it not unfrequently happens that youth, beauty, talents, and opportunity have been sacrificed in the sick-room, or, still worse, to the caprices of parents. Take Cordelia as an example. In good sooth, God's ministering spirits on earth have often taken the form of single women. Florence Nightingale, with her noble band of nurses, most of whom voluntarily resigned all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure, for the dangers and hardships of the Scutari and other Crimean hospitals, or the no less pestilent fever dens of London. Those who know the glories of the mansion of Embly, near Romsey, in Hampshire, with its noble ancestral trees, will appreciate the self-sacrifice of this lady. Angela Burdett-Coutts is another noble instance of a life devoted to the welfare of the poor and needy. Such women, old maids though they may be, have their place but little below that of the angels, and, thank God, England has produced many such, whose memory will survive as a sweet-smelling savor. There are many women in the flesh to each of whom Rogers's lines will apply:

"Oh, she was good as she was fair—
None, none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are—
To know her was to love her."

To a qualified extent, the same remarks may be applied to old bachelors—some, at least: they have kept true to the memory of a dead love, whose place in their hearts no one could fill. The ballad addressed to "Mary in Heaven" gives appropriate expression to the sentiment we have endeavored to convey. Throughout life they are longing

"For the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

It may be that the grave holds all that made life dear, and they feel

"More was buried with thee, love,
Than just the beautiful clay
You left to chill the passionate kiss,
When you stole from this life away."

Still, it is one of the most mournful things to see either a man or woman who has missed his or her legitimate fate. Many will remember Larousse's picture of the two priests; the one, old and decrepit, leaning on the arm of the other, a mere boy who has just entered upon a life of celibacy. The expression of the young man, as he watches a young and loving couple in the distance, will not be readily forgotten. The picture is called "Regrets," and it appears to give an embodiment to the life-long and bitter regrets of the young man who forms the centre of interest. He has resigned all that makes life worth having, as far as home affections are concerned, and, too late, has found out his mistake.

Of the times and seasons for marrying, it is necessary to choose not only the man, but the hour; not alone the season, but the day. Here is the rule:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

A marriage in England performed after twelve o'clock is not, as some suppose, invalid, but any clergyman officiating is subject to severe penalties. The time of publishing the banns in church was fixed by the rubric in order that after full publication there would be time enough to celebrate the ceremony before twelve o'clock in full sight of the congregation; and this has frequently been done, after which the public church service is resumed.

The old custom of marrying under the gallows to save life seems to have been the most romantic of all forms of tying the knot. If a man or woman would consent to marry, under the gallows, a person condemned to death, the criminal might thereby be saved from execution. An old English ballad tells the story of a merchant of Chichester who was thus saved from hanging by a loving maiden; and in 1784, at New York, a man actually in this way escaped death.

Pinkerton tells the story of a criminal who refused marriage at the foot of the gallows, and preferred death. The event has been celebrated in rhyme, more forcible than polite:

"There was a victim in a cart,
One day, for to be hang'd,
And his reprieve was granted,
And the cart made for to stand.

'Come, marry a wife, and save your life,'
The judge aloud did cry.
'Oh, why should I corrupt my life?'
The victim did reply.

'For here's a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent their sport?
The bargain's bad in every part,
The wife's the worst—drive on the cart.'"

Here is another allusion to the custom, from the Schole House (1542):

"Trewly some men there be
That live always in great horroure:
And say it goeth by destynye
To hange or wed, both hath one houre;
And whether it be, I am well sure
Hangynge is better of the twayne—
Sooner done, and shorter payne."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Banting's work, telling how he worked off his corpulence, has been done into French, and all the fat women in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post* tells us of this dialogue, which he says he overheard at a ball: "Have you seen Madame G——? Since she has embraced M. Banting's religion she has diminished at least one-half." "Then she must be charming," said Mlle. ——, with naïveté. "Not at all: she looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints, and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

"Cut, and come again," as the girl said to her lover when she heard the old man stumbling around in the dark.

A wax-work figure of Franklin, on exhibition in France, is labelled: "Francklin, inventor of electricity.... This savant, after having made seven voyages around the world, died on the Sandwich Islands, and was devoured by savages, of whom not a single fragment was ever recovered."

Cannibalism prevails in Boston, whose inhabitants eat baked bein's.

What is marriage?—One woman the more and one man the less.

It is only the female sex who can rip, darn, and tear without being considered profane.

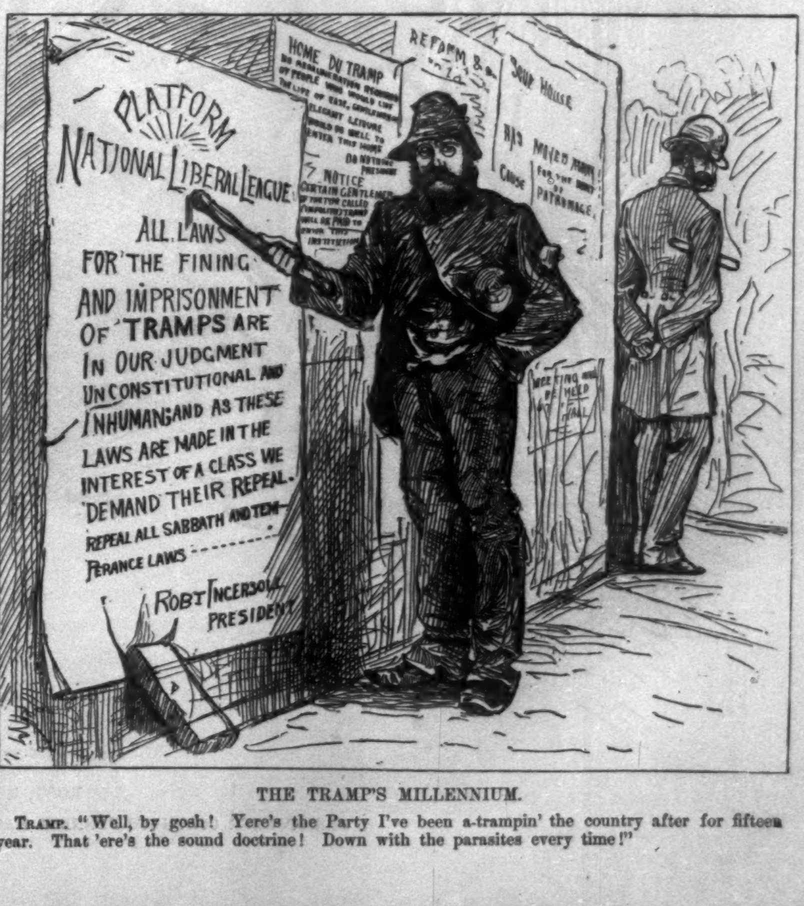
Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the pea-nut stand.

"That puts a different face on it," as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.

Lady (*to a servant who has given notice three days after her arrival*). "But if you didn't mean to stay, why did you take the place?"

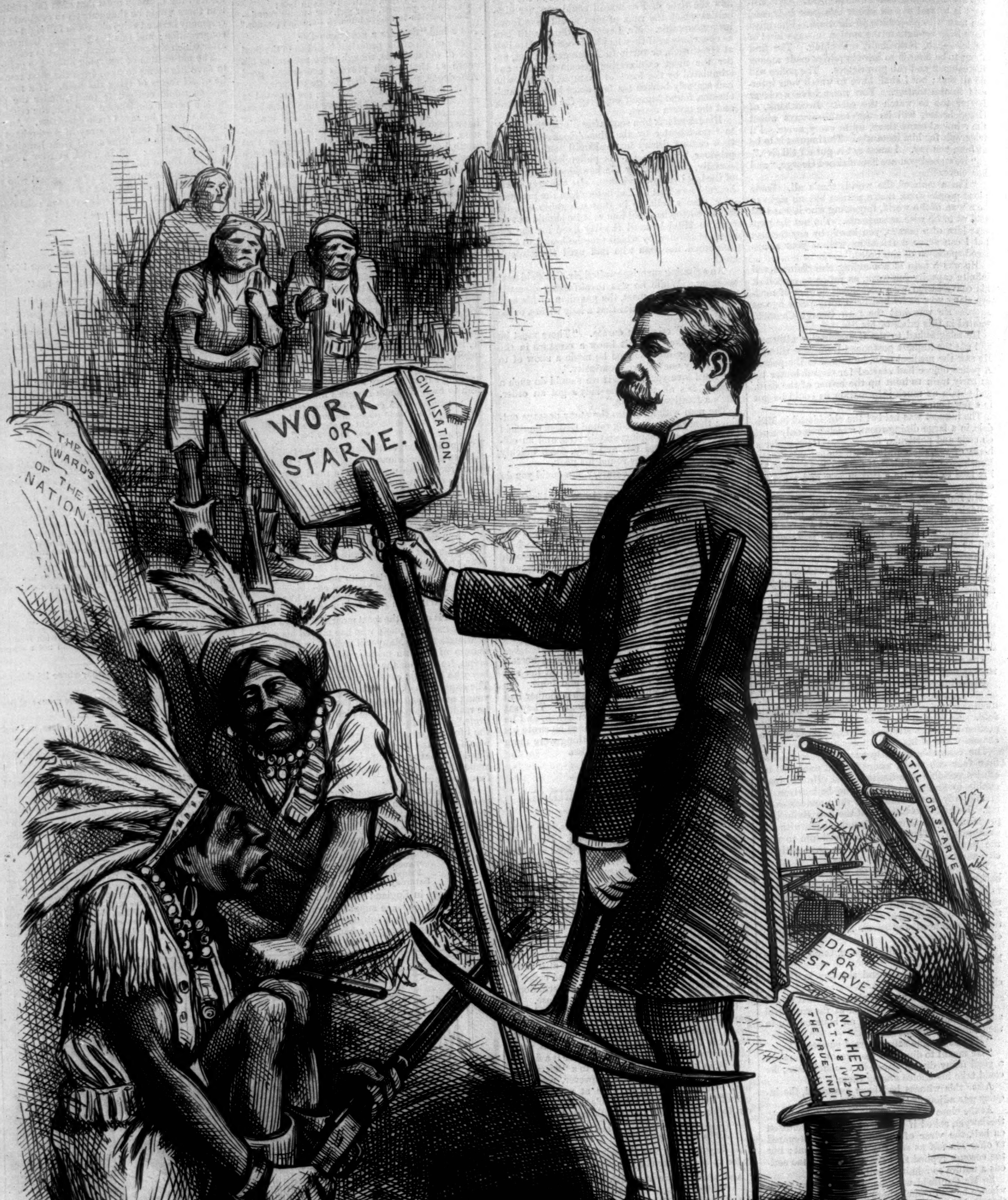
Servant. "Well, 'm, when I see you at the registry office you looked so tired and fagged, I took your situation out of charity like."

The Latest.—It was centuries ago. The Duke of Mayenne in his camp near Ivry is brooding over the misfortunes of battle. The entrance to the tent is darkened by the huge form of an aide-de-camp, who arouses the duke from his meditations by saying, "Navarre approaches!" "What, Navarre!" exclaims the duke; but as this was before the days of *Pinafore*, the aide-de-camp didn't see the joke at all, and simply answered, "Yes, he approaches our outer pickets."



THE TRAMP'S MILLENNIUM.

Tramp. "Well, by gosh! Yere's the Party I've been a-trampin' the country after for fifteen year. That 'ere's the sound doctrine! Down with the parasites every time!"



ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BENNETT HAS DISCOVERED THE TRUE INDIAN POLICY.

ALONG A DUTCH CANAL—TOWING A BOAT.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is one of the most interesting countries in Europe, notwithstanding the want of natural picturesqueness, and its towns, villages, canals, and dikes present attractions which the tourist will find nowhere else in the world. Small as her place is among nations at the present day, she has had a glorious history. Her struggle with England for the freedom of the sea was rendered memorable by heroic achievements, and the English hated the Dutch almost as bitterly as they hated the French in later times. They were the butt of English poets. The author of "Hudibras" satirized their land as

"A country that draws fifty foot of water,
* * * * * * *
A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd,
In which men do not live but go on board."

ANDREW MARVELL, in a similar strain of extravagance, made sport of their fight for life with the ocean:

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvial fell
Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell.
* * * * * * *
How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new catchèd miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where basking waves still bait the forcèd ground.
* * * * * * *
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played.
* * * * * * *
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau;
Or as they over the new level ranged
For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw away their land at duck and drake;
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;
For as with pygmies who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drownèd he that drains;
Not who first sees the rising sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands;
Who best could know to pump a land so leak,
Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate."

It is impossible to avoid laughing over the gro-

ALONG A DUTCH CANAL—GOING TO MARKET.

tesque absurdity of these lines. The contrast between the poet's caricature and the greatness of the work accomplished by the sturdy Hollanders makes the absurdity still more amusing.

TITTLE-TATTLE.

FROM THE SERVIAN FOLK-LORE.

FAIR Nathalie at evening tide
  Walked out with her own true love,
The thick green grass beneath their feet,
  And the thick green trees above.
Then Zuska said, "My own sweetheart,
Give me one kiss before we part."

The listening grasses heard and saw,
  And could not the secret keep—
The dear, sweet secret! Every blade
  Whispered the tale to the sheep—
The silly sheep, who were so glad
They straightway told the shepherd lad.

The shepherd told a traveller
  (For he loved fair Nathalie);
The traveller told a sailor boy,
  One night on the lonely sea;
The sailor to his roving ship
Too quickly let the secret slip.

For the ship to the salt sea waves,
  That ever run to and fro,
Said, "When the inland rivers come
  To mix with the ocean's flow,
Ask after Nathalie, pretty one,
And if the handsome Zuska won."

So at the last *that river* heard
  That flowed by Nathalie's cot,
And the maid's mother one fine day
  Went there with her water-pot,
And heard the tale, and told the maid,
And many an angry word was said.

Nathalie blamed the river much,
  And the river blamed the sea.
The sea said, with an angry roar,
  "The ship is to blame, not me."
The ship, tossed wildly to and fro,
Creaked out, "The sailor told me so."

The sailor said, "The traveller
  Is the one that should be blamed."
The traveller said, "The shepherd boy
  Should never the tale have named;
I surely thought, so far away
No harm can come from what I say."

The shepherd blamed the tattling sheep.
  The sheep cried, "Oh! and alas!
So much of grief and quarrelling comes
  Because of that tell-tale grass.
What on earth did it see amiss
In little Nathalie's parting kiss?"

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THE idea of subjecting this remarkable plant to the action of anæsthetics was natural, and several experiments of the kind are recorded, the plant having been placed in ether or chloroform. Recently M. Arloing has made some interesting observations of chloral, chloroform, and ether presented for absorption by the roots. The pots were sprinkled with aqueous solutions of these substances, then covered with care to prevent escape of the vapors. After absorption of chloroform or ether one notes primary and secondary effects; the former are phenomena of excitation similar to those arising from mechanical irritation, and comparable to those in animals when anæsthetized. They occur successively from the bottom to the top of the stem. In thirty to sixty minutes the common petioles (or leaf stems) straighten, and the leaflets separate, beginning from the top of the stem; but the plant is now found to have lost its sensibility. The secondary effect consists of elimination of the anæsthetic. The sensibility often does not return for one and a half or two hours. Chloral does not act anæsthetically on the sensitive plant. These observations afforded M. Arloing an opportunity of ascertaining the velocity of liquids in the stem and branches of plants under strictly physiological conditions, whereas past experiments on the subject have been made with withered or mutilated plants. If the leaves are in a good state, the common petioles bend down suddenly and successively from below upward in the plant as the absorbed chloroform reaches them. Hence, knowing the dimensions of the plant, the velocity of the chloroformized water in the stem and primary petioles can be easily calculated. Within the stem the velocity is modified by the state of the tissues and foliage, the temperature, etc.; it was found, in different cases, at the rate of 0.90 meters, 2.22 m., 2.40 m., and 2.76 m. per hour. The velocity increases from the base to the top of the stem in the ratio of 1 to 1.25 or 1.50, and it is 1½ times to twice as great in the petioles as in the stem.

"POSY."

IN Webster's Dictionary *posy* is explained in its secondary meaning as "a *bunch* of flowers." With this Johnson and Ogilvie agree; Bailey explains it as "a nosegay." Sherwood gives it as the equivalent of French *bouquet*, and Cotgrave explains *bouquet* as "a nosegay or *posie* of flowers." Skinner says, "Posy for nosegay, sertum florum ad suffitum." All the authorities within my reach come to the same conclusion. In this sense it is used by Spenser:

> "With store of vermeil roses
> To deck their bridegrooms' *posies*."

We only find the word once in Shakspeare connected with flowers; but when the Welsh parson sings,

> "There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant *posies*,"

we can not suppose he means single flowers. By-the-way, the lines quoted from the milk-maid's song in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, usually ascribed to Kit Marlowe, are a plagiarism from Shakspeare, unless, indeed, the whole song was written by him. So much for the use of the word in its application to flowers.

There is another use of the word *posy*, for a motto or device upon a ring or other article of *bijouterie*. The inquiry naturally suggests itself, Is the word the same in both senses, and if so, how came the meanings to be so different, or are they two words derived from separate sources? On these points we will offer the following remarks. The lexicographers do not help us much in coming to a conclusion. Johnson makes a confused muddle of it. Under the head of "Posy" he explains it: "1. A motto on a ring; 2. A bunch of flowers. Of unknown derivation." Under the first head he quotes from *The Merchant of Venice:*

> "A paltry ring
> That she did give me; whose *posy* was,
> For all the world, like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'"

Under "Poesy" he gives the derivation from French, Latin, and Greek; as one meaning he states, "A short conceit engraved on a ring or other thing," and illustrates it by the same quotation from Shakspeare which he had given under "Posy." Bailey derives *posey*, a motto, from Lat. *poesis*, and *posey*, a nosegay, from Latin *ponendo*, for *componendo*, a putting together. This explanation is taken from Skinner. Webster queries the derivation from *poesy*, and attributes *posy*, a nosegay, to Welsh *posiaw*, to collect, gather. Richardson connects *posey*, a motto, with *poesy*, but omits *posy*, a nosegay, altogether.

Posy as a motto or inscription would naturally be referred to *poesy*, such inscriptions being usually in verse; but if we recur to the earliest instances of its use, some doubt is thrown on this etymology. The first specimen of its employment which we can find is in Hall's *Chronicle*, early in the sixteenth century. He says, "The tente was replenyshed and decked with this *posie:* 'After busy labor cometh victorious rest.'" A little later we find it introduced in the same sense by Nicholas Udall in his commentary on St. Luke: "There was also a superscription or *poisee* written on the toppe of the crosse.... this is the King of the Jewes." In two other passages he uses the word with the same meaning. In none of these cases is there any connection with poetry or poesy. If we next refer to Shakspeare's use of the word, we find the *posey* spoken of by Gratiano and Nerissa, "Love me, and leave me not," is not poetry. The passage where Hamlet asks, "Is this a prologue, or the *posy* of a ring?" by no means implies that the *posy* was poetry. We are thus led in the direction of the passive participle of Fr. *poser*, Eng. *pose*, something exhibited, affixed, a motto. That these mottoes on rings, etc., should develop into verse was very natural. We all remember the story of the sailor who ordered a ring with the posy,

> "When money's low,
> The ring must go."

and afterward bought a pair of silver shoe-buckles, on which he added a further posy,

> "If that won't do,
> The buckles too."

There remains the question, Has *posy*, a nosegay, anything to do with *posy*, a motto? We think it has. It must be remembered that the word is not one of high antiquity. It is first met with in Spenser and Shakspeare, and then with poetical associations. The ring on which a posy is inscribed is the emblem or symbol of the sentiment conveyed, and in like manner the bunch of flowers constituting a posy is the concrete emblem of the sentiment which the flowers express. Thus Ophelia in her selection of flowers gives them their characteristic associations: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts; there's rue for you, and here's some for me," etc. See, also, Tennyson ("In Memoriam," viii.):

> "So seems it in my deep regret,
> O my forsaken heart, with thee
> And this poor flower of poesy,
> Which little cared for fades not yet."

BEAR BABIES.

ABOUT the middle of January last, the female black bear in a collection refused to come out of her den into the open pit, and would not allow the male to approach her. She was immediately closed in, and furnished with an abundance of hay, with which she busied herself in making a nice warm bed. At 4 P.M. on January 26 the young ones were born, and I did not see them until three days after, when I was surprised by the keeper informing me that she would allow him to enter the den. On going with him, he unlocked the door, fearlessly walked in, and quickly began feeding her with bits of bread, which he sliced from a loaf held in his hand. By holding the bread just over her head he finally tempted her to sit up on her haunches, when I obtained a clearer view of the two young ones, lying asleep just back of her front paws. From where I stood, about six feet distant, they did not seem to exceed six inches in length, were a dirty whitish color, and appeared entirely bare of hair. In about ten days their coats began to show, and were of a grayish tint, which gradually passed through the various shades until they became a brownish-black. It was just forty days before the first one's eyes opened, and two days after, the second followed suit. From that time forward I watched very closely to ascertain the exact time that would elapse before the young ones would leave the nest, and on the seventy-first day after birth, when the mother, as was her habit, came to the grating to be fed, one of the youngsters left the nest and followed her. So soon as she found it out, she immediately drew it gently back, and on its second attempt she cuffed it soundly, which put a stop to its wandering propensity. After a few days she allowed them to wander about at will, provided no one was immediately in front of the den; but so soon as a visitor put in an appearance, they were driven back into the nest, and not allowed to emerge until the stranger was out of sight. For some time she always suckled them in one position, lying over and completely covering them by stretching flat, with her legs drawn up under her and her head tucked down between her front paws. As they grew older, and began to run about, she would sit on her haunches, lazily lean back against the wall, take a cub on each fore-arm, and hold them up to her breast until they were satisfied. They soon became expert climbers, taking advantage of the slightest inequalities of the stone walls and the cracks between the heavy oaken planks to reach the ceiling of the den on three sides, whilst the grating in front served capitally for their skylarking. Occasionally they would have a regular sparring bout, standing erect, feinting, countering, and making use of many of the tricks of old votaries of the P. R. These frolics would generally end in a clinch, fall, and a regular rough-and-tumble fight, when the mother would abruptly put a stop to it by suddenly knocking both of the contestants completely out of time. In fact, as they grew apace, the parental visitations increased so rapidly, I began to fear she would put an end to my bear investigations by chastising the lives out of them, but of late she has slackened in her attentions, and I am in hopes of following the growth of *Ursus americanus* from babyhood to adolescence.

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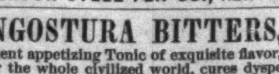

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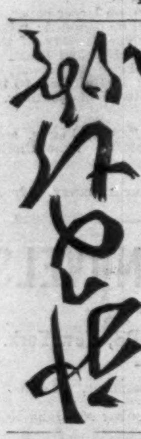
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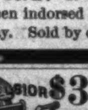

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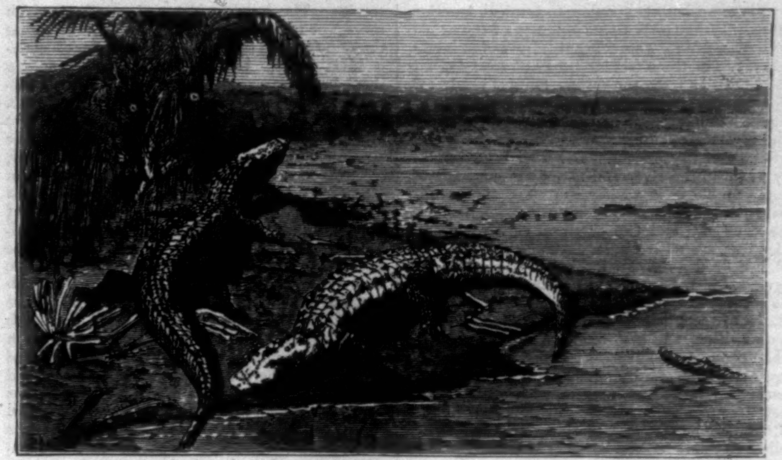

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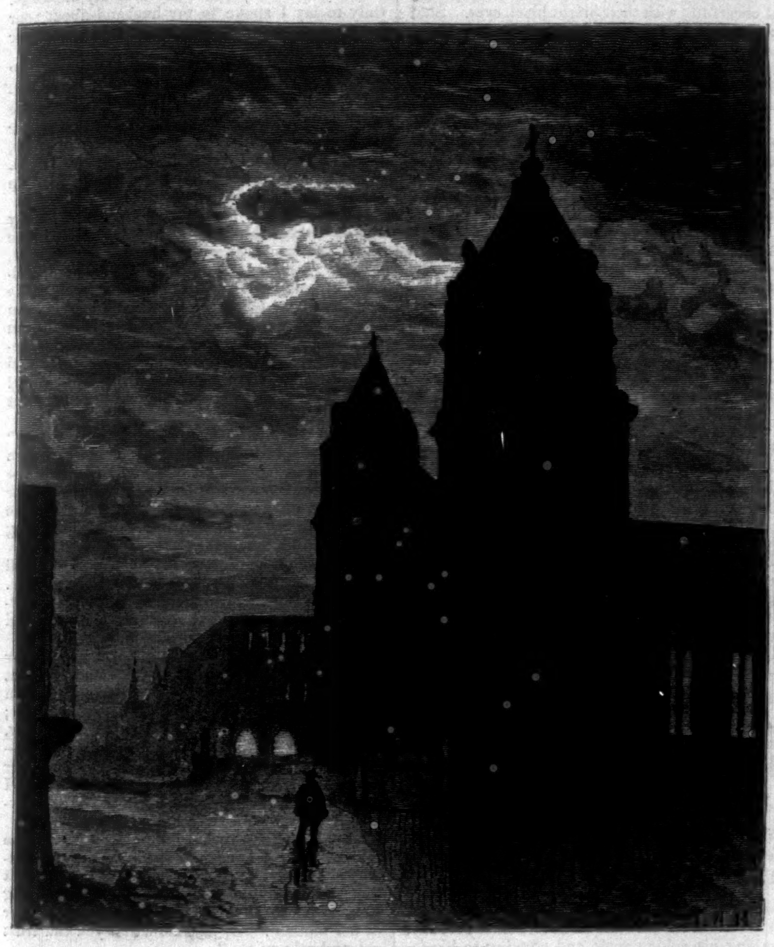

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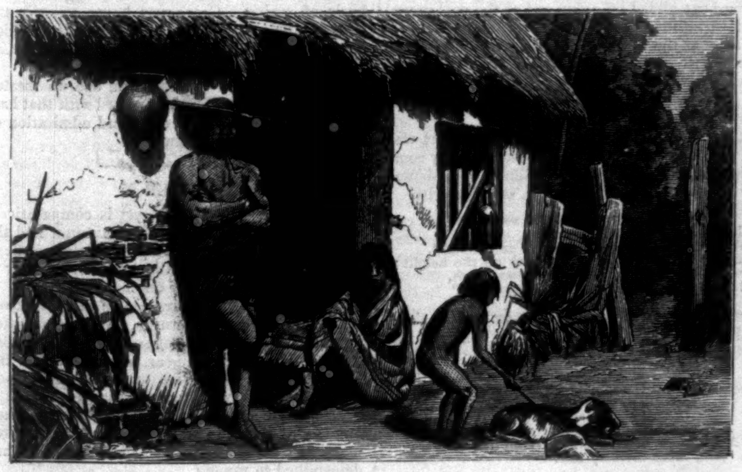

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The flora of Panama is sufficient to awaken even the most indifferent botanist to enthusiasm. A visit to the Isthmian forests alone might well repay a much larger amount of discomfort than travellers are obliged to suffer in reaching them. At one point on the railroad, beyond Mount Hope, for a space of fifty feet on either side of the solid track embankment, the original growth has been swept away, and replaced by a rich display of aquatic plants, through whose broad shining leaves myriads of callas and long slim-petalled pond-lilies struggle out to fill the air with their delicious perfume. This low and recent vegetation is walled in by a primeval growth of variety and luxuriance that almost defies description. Palm-trees slender and tall, from under whose crowns hang long scarlet and yellow tassels; palms low and huge, with trunks scarcely lifted above the slimy ooze, sending out graceful pinnate leaves half a dozen yards in length; great cedar and espabe trees, towering up like giants for a hundred feet, then sending out strong arms that almost clasp each other across the clearing, their trunks covered with thick vines and parasites. These and many other varieties are so closely set and interwoven together that the eye fails to penetrate into the depth of the forest. The great number and variety of parasitic growths can not fail to attract constant attention. Almost every tree and shrub supports more or less of these treacherous leeches, in form and size ranging from the simple tufts of grass to the enormous growths whose branches equal in magnitude those of the largest trees, and frequently exceed those of the poor victim from which their strength is drawn. Some are seen which had originally taken root upon the trunks of large and thrifty trees, which, under their exhausting demands and vise-like embrace, have died and rotted out, leaving the well-conditioned leech, though a mere shell, upright, and so like the original tree that, except for occasional apertures which disclose the hollowness within, its villainy might at a little distance escape detection. Many bear beautiful and fragrant flowers. A curious and exceedingly common variety springs from seeds deposited in the ordure of birds upon the highest trees, sending long fibrous tendrils, without a single branching twig, down to the earth, when it again takes root, and increases in size, until it frequently attains a diameter of five or six inches. Often trees so decayed that otherwise they must have fallen are by these supports retained in their upright position for many years. The smaller ones, combining pliability with great strength, are much used as cordage by the natives. Trailing vines and blossoming creepers are on every side in great profusion and luxuriance, inwrapping the trees, and hanging in variegated festoons from the branches.

Panama is rich in the varieties of birds, beasts,

reptiles, and insects peculiar to tropical America. Here are frequently found colonies of the oriole, or hanging-bird, whose beautifully woven nests, often two or three feet long, may be seen depending in scores from the trees. Several richly colored varieties of parrots and toucans, trogans, tanagers, humming-birds, etc., abound. Grouse and the crested wild turkey are found on the higher grounds of the interior. The tapir is occasionally found in the river and marshy ground adjoining. Monkeys in variety, the opossum, the ant-eater, the peccary, or wild hog, the sloth, the deer, bear, cougar, and two or three varieties of the tiger-cat, are native here. Among the many varieties of the lizard tribe which abound is the iguana, which grows to a large size, viz., from three to six feet in length, and is eagerly sought by the natives for its flesh, which is tender and delicate as a chicken, and also for its eggs. Females of this species are sometimes captured, cut open, the eggs removed, and the animals then permitted to escape. The natives aver that after this barbarous treatment they invariably recover. The eggs are about the size of a marble, yellow and shrivelled, and may be seen hanging in bunches in any native market, and are by no means unpalatable. Land-crabs abound in great numbers, and are esteemed a delicate article of food. The most common variety is of a pale blue color, and as large as half a cocoa-nut. Stories are told of their rapacity and carnivorous tastes that almost surpass belief. It is said that the largest animals, dead or past resistance, are frequently reduced by them to whitened skeletons in a single night. There are several other smaller varieties, some of which are beautifully colored. Among the venomous insects the tarantula, the centipede, and the scorpion are frequently met. Among the troublesome insects are white, red, and black ants, mosquitoes, sand-flies, fleas, garapatos, or wood-ticks, and the chigoe, or jigger, which last not only bites, but burrows under the skin, and there deposits its eggs, which, if not speedily removed, will hatch out a troublesome nest of minute worms, producing great inflammatory disturbance in the part. As, however, they are at first very superficial, and inclosed in a little membranous sac, this is easily removed entire with a needle, and no farther trouble ensues; they are fortunately not common here, and seldom annoy any but the barefooted native. Venomous snakes, though occasionally seen, are not common. The boa-constrictor is native here, and sometimes is found from twelve to eighteen feet in length. It is, however, exceedingly rare to hear of any serious injury having been done by any of them. The alligator, which is found more or less plentifully in all parts of the Chagres and its tributaries, and the adjacent streams and swamps, frequently attacks and destroys dogs and cattle, and occasional instances have occurred where the natives, imprudently venturing into the waters infested with them, have fallen a prey to their rapacity.

The human inhabitants of Panama are nearly as varied, and not always as interesting, as the animals and insects of the country. Estimated at something less than 200,000, the population consists of the foreigners drawn thither by business connected with the railroad, Spaniards, Indians, Africans, and half-breeds descended from the old Spanish slaves of the district, or imported from Jamaica and Carthagena. A small proportion of the natives are peaceable and industrious, cultivate little patches of land, and occasionally raise a few cattle. Taken as a whole, however, they are a restless, turbulent set, and little amenable to rules and regulations. A single glance into the huts of these people and their surroundings will give an idea of the manner of living of the greatest portion of the native inhabitants of the country. The body of the dwelling is constructed of bamboo; the roof is thatched with leaves of the palm; the floor is the bare earth; occasionally there is a loft, which is reached by an upright post with deep notches cut on either side, answering for stairs. Hammocks of vegetable fibre or cotton cloth are the usual beds, which also constitute the favorite lounging-place during the day. Besides these, a rude bench or two, a kettle, half a dozen earthen platters and water jars, and a few gourds for water, complete the furniture of the native hut. Sun-dried and fresh beef, and pork, eggs, and fowls, are cheap and plenty. Their food, however, is mostly vegetable, the yam and plantain holding the chief place. The bread-fruit is plentiful, and grows spontaneously. Rice is raised, and consumed to a considerable extent; and a large variety of tropical fruits are abundant.

The Spanish language is universally spoken by the natives of Panama, greatly corrupted, however, by provincialisms. The Roman Catholic religion is generally professed, but the ideas that the natives have of it, beyond a superstitious appreciation of the power and influence of the priests, and the efficacy of holy relics and tokens, are exceedingly limited. Squatter sovereignty obtains in Panama to a very general extent, each citizen being entitled to claim, occupy, and hold "all that lot, piece, or parcel of land" that can be distinctly seen from any given point thereon, of the unoccupied lands of the government. The Spaniard and half-breed frequently avail themselves of this privilege, carrying on cattle-raising to a considerable extent, besides occasionally producing a little sugar, rice, etc., for market. The general class of natives, however, are gregariously inclined, and seldom covet more than enough for a little hut, and garden patch which supplies the necessities of life.

The only two considerable towns of Panama are, of course, Aspinwall and Panama. The former, which has grown up from the necessity of its position as the Atlantic terminus of the railroad, while answering its purpose as a receiving and transhipping dépôt, has but little, architecturally, to recommend it to notice, the dwellings, some two hundred in number, being of wood, and built in a style midway between the New England house and the verandaed structures usual in the tropics. The hotels, great and small, of which there are more than a dozen, offer, considering the country, very fair accommodation for all classes of travellers. But little business is done among them, however, except on the arrival of the passenger steamers of the California line. In 1852, when these hotels were erected, travellers were often detained here for several days, when the landlords drove a brisk trade. Now, however, passengers are usually enabled to go on after an interval of two or three hours, and although a brisk business is done, the opportunity is too brief to realize much profit. The most noticeable buildings of the town are those connected with the railroad, offices, car repositories, and machine shops, whose tall chimneys send up steady columns of smoke, while the ring of many hammers breaks cheerily upon the ear. Along the beach a nicely graded road has been constructed, which extends the entire circumference of the island of Manzanilla, whereon Aspinwall is situated, and for more than two-thirds of its course it passes along or through the dense and luxuriant tropical forest with which nearly one-half the island is still covered. The "Paseo Coral," as this beautiful walk or drive is called, was built by the citizens of Aspinwall, every facility and aid being rendered by the railroad company; and morning and evening, especially on Sundays and holidays, it is a favorite resort of the inhabitants of all classes, a few on horseback or in light wagons, but the great majority on foot. Any lover of the beautiful in nature will find it worth his while to make a tour of this "Paseo," with its charming glimpses of the ocean and the archipelago, which cuts off the island from the main-land.

The city of Panama differs from Aspinwall in that it is an old settlement, by no means owing its existence to railroad enterprise. Situated upon a rocky peninsula that stretches out from the base of the high volcanic hill Ancon, and projects a quarter of a mile into the sea, it has one of the finest roadsteads in the world. If the traveller approaches it by railroad, and passing through the dépôt goes directly onward to the sandy beach of the bay of Panama, about fifty yards distant, a beautiful panorama opens upon the view. On the left are the commodious warehouses and the long, covered, iron-piled wharf of the railroad company, alongside of which the small steamers and tugs lie to take on or discharge passengers and freight for the larger vessels anchored in the bay. Beyond the wharf a white sandy beach sweeps around a quarter circle of a couple of miles, skirted by tangled masses of foliage interspersed with groups of cocoa-trees. A ridge of high and broken but heavily wooded land rises up behind, sloping down to the eastward toward the peaceful ocean, that stretches out to the horizon before you. On the right the city, high-walled and turreted, stands boldly out into the ocean, like BALBOA of old, as if still claiming dominion over the limitless expanse; no longer bristling with defiant cannon or decked with the flaunting colors of the Conquistador, but deserted, crumbling, and grass-grown, "mellowed into harmony by time." Within the walls a mass of high tiled roofs, with here and there a dilapidated tower or pearl-shelled spire, combine to present a scene more beautiful than is often beheld. The principal buildings include a beautiful cathedral, a college, and several convents, all of which, however, are falling into decay. The city of Panama previously to 1744 (when the trade between Europe and Western America first began to be carried on around Cape Horn) was the principal entrepôt of trade on the Pacific coast. From that period, however, with the decline in the Spanish possessions in America, it became reduced in commercial importance almost to a nonentity, and so remained until the past few years. The establishment of the South Coast, the California, the Central American steam-ship lines, and that by which all the business of these lines is carried on, the Panama Railroad, have combined to render it again a place of considerable importance.

The site of the "City of Panama the Ancient," which was destroyed by the buccaneer Sir HENRY MORGAN in 1661, is located about six miles southeast of the present city, and is easily reached by water or land. The ruins of its ancient fortifications, towers, churches, and public buildings are worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the early history of Central America, and will amply repay the antiquarian and lover of the picturesque and beautiful the trouble of a visit to this most interesting of all the remains of Spanish greatness in this region.

GOLDEN-ROD:

An Idyl of Mount Desert.

CHAPTER IX.

AT the Indian encampment they made the usual tour from tent to tent, investing small sums in baskets delicately woven of the sweet-scented grass growing all about the fields; in bows, arrows, birch-bark canoes, lacrosse bats strung with thongs of deer leather, and much in demand by the critical small boy; in grebe or sea-gulls' breasts and wings; in skins and feather fans—until even these insatiate shoppers cried "Enough!"

At the last tent the children paused in admiration of a very stolid-looking pappoose overflowing with fat, whose mother, a handsome young squaw, with her hair bound up in a red cotton handkerchief, and—shades of Pocahontas!—clad in a black alpaca gown, with rusty side-pleatings, had suspended him in a hammock between two trees, while she sat weaving her basket silently at the opening of her tent, overhanging the water's edge.

Impressed by the attention he received, she unstrapped the pappoose, and set him on his feet to confront the Blessed Baby of the Thornton family, who stood gazing at the small copper-colored apparition, with awe depicted on his countenance. Then, with a quick sentence or two in her own tongue, the squaw reached up, and taking down the topmost basket from a long string of them, placed it in her baby's hand with the first smile she had bestowed upon the scene, and motioned him to present it to the visitor. The harsh and unwonted sound had the unfortunate effect of reducing Thornton *minimus* to bitter tears, welling irrepressibly, and not to be stanched until he was safe within the strong shelter of his father's arms.

While Mr. Thornton was engaged in consoling his infant, and inducing it to bestow a small coin upon the unwinking and sphynx-like pappoose, the other lads were trying to investigate the interior of a small plank structure, not unlike a hen-house, built behind the tent. Out of this came sounds much exciting their curiosity.

"It must be pigs, Indian pigs," the oldest boy said, solemnly. "Please, may we look?" he asked the squaw, who nodded in her imperturbable fashion; and there, inside the pen, they saw two small boys, aged about five and eight, poking their brown fingers through the apertures, and gazing out cheerfully with their bright black eyes. Shut up here for safe-keeping and general convenience, their mamma had obviated all the usual difficulties in the matter of seasonable clothing by leaving them in the costume of our first ancestors before the fall.

"Here comes nurse for Baby," the boys announced, as that functionary, in French cap and long apron, and an expression of countenance as if she had ceased being surprised at the latitude allowed her young charges in this remote spot, came briskly down the path.

"And now, papa—please, oh, please! It is just the day for mackerel fishing. Let us get a boat, and row over there off Bar Island. We can stop at the fish-house on the island for bait and lines. I know the nicest man there, papa. He's my particular friend, only he smells a little of fish. He will lend us lines and all. He knows everything, papa—a great deal more than you do; all about boats, and tides, and porpoises, and whales, and where the blue-berries grow, and how to get birch bark off—oh! lots of things!"

"The Lilliputians have overcome Gulliver," said the Counsellor, as he found himself being dragged off to visit this Admirable Crichton of a fisherman. "Come, Grace; we will put you ashore if the sun prove too much for you."

And Grace, nothing loath, we may be sure—for her heaven on earth was in the joy of these three—followed over long strips of birch bark drying in the sun, past where the Indians were constructing their canoes, and to the water's edge. A large flat-bottomed boat was secured, Grace and her umbrella established in the stern, and they steered for the opposite shore, Frank doing the main work with one oar, and his oldest boy manfully tugging, as was his especial pride, at the other.

The boy's hero was unfortunately absent from his usual scene of duty, on a deep-sea fishing jaunt, but a substitute presented himself, and supplied all necessary apparatus, including a tin can full of chopped bits of raw herring for bait.

"Now you may land me speedily," said Grace, as this odorous object was deposited at her feet. "Put me ashore just after you round the island, please, and I will wait there cheerfully until you have caught Polycripp himself."

She made an ineffectual effort to induce her second boy to remain ashore with her, and seek an asylum from the sun. But he refused stoutly, shaking his golden curls, and clinging to his father's arm, tenacious of this first permission to assume the coveted privileges of a big boy.

The boat glided off again out of the cool green shadows into the sunshine. Grace climbed up to the edge of the wooded hill, and half hidden in a nest of tall ferns, sat where she could look out under shelving boughs, and see it courtesying on the little waves, where they had anchored to throw out their lines.

It was one of those days in Mount Desert waters that make everything else seem tame by comparison, intoxicating in the fullness of midsummer beauty. Grace sat a while, satisfied, with

> "half-shut eyes, ever to seem
> Falling asleep, in a half-dream.
> To dream, and dream, like yonder amber light,
> That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height;
> To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
> And tender curving lines of creamy spray."

Then came the sound of footsteps on the slope behind, and Rosalie Gray, with her hands full of ferns, came along the path from out the sombre boskage of the pines, just as Helen of Troy appeared to the poet when he sang of the

> "lady within call,
> Stiller than chiselled marble standing there,
> A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair."

"I have been rambling over the island to fill my jars and vases," she said, with a word of greeting. "My boat is beached behind that bowlder yonder, and I have found treasures of lovely ferns. May I sit by you and rest before embarking for my homeward pull? You look so thoroughly in the spirit of the place and the day that I envy you. I think you must like, as I do, to be sometimes utterly alone."

"I try to persuade myself that I do," answered Grace, laughing; "but the last few years of my life have been so spent in dividing and subdividing my time and attention, and in doling them out to others, that I am afraid I have lost even the faculty to enjoy seclusion. I am perpetually forming plans for arriving at a period when I can cultivate my own thoughts, and the time never comes. All that I ever accomplish in this world is done in desperate rushes, as if I were behindhand for a train about to start. Sometimes I fairly long for a week, or a day, when I can sit still and rally up my scattered faculties. You have no idea, Mrs. Gray, what an undignified contrast my life presents to yours, for example."

"I have a very clear idea," said Rosalie, in a low tone, while her look expressed the "star-like sorrow of immortal eyes." "Ah, Mrs. Thornton, believe me that there is no epoch of a woman's life so infinitely sad as when she realizes that in all the world there is not one whose happiness depends on her self-sacrifice."

"Listen! listen!" said Grace, springing to her feet, as a merry shout came across the water. She saw her husband standing bare-headed in the boat, waving his hat toward her. The little boys were waving too, and cheering lustily, as they pointed to a magnificent mackerel, shining like silver, held up on the line of the proud little golden-haired fisherman in the stern. "He has caught it himself! How happy he will be, my darling one!" Grace cried, sending her blue veil fluttering toward them in response. She sat down, her face flushed with purest joy, a little ashamed of her irrepressible outburst. To her surprise, Rosalie's eyes were full of tears.

"Forgive me," Mrs. Gray said, gently; "I am weaker than I thought."

"Dear Mrs. Gray," Grace said, in her impulsive way, "you teach me how to value my blessings. Only to-day I spoke to my husband about your lot, as being the most enviable one a woman ever had."

"And yet you would not change with me!" Rosalie said, with a sad smile. "We will be better friends, I think, henceforth. It will do me good to know you and yours, for I am very poor in friends. And that sweet little sister of yours, too. If I could, I would like to be her friend. What a blessing her fresh young companionship must be to you always."

"I am afraid I have almost too much for my share," Grace said, stopping to think where in the world she would be without Frank, or her boys, or Amy; which of them she could by any possibility give up; what wealth or power would make amends to her for losing these. "I am glad you like Amy, for she is a darling. She feels for you that sort of championing admiration a girl sometimes cherishes in secret for a woman older and more brilliant than herself. Dear little Amy! We are orphans, as you know, and her happiness is very near to me."

"And there is no claim on her still nearer?" said Rosalie, turning aside to strip a birch bough of its leaves. "You probably know what is the common report here of her engagement with our friend Mr. Erskine. Surely you could not do more wisely than commit her happiness to the keeping of a man like that?"

Grace started, and, with her husband's hint still fresh in her memory, looked narrowly at Mrs. Gray; but there was no possible indication of anything more than delicate womanly solicitude, and she breathed a sigh of positive relief.

"If I were to tell you how much I had set my heart on the reality of that, you would laugh at me, probably, as Frank does. I have no reason to believe in it—as yet; that is the candid truth; but I know they have been together constantly, and I have sometimes thought—on Amy's side—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gray, and Amy's too, for discussing her affairs in this way. I am sure I don't know what tempted me;" and Grace recovered herself, with a feeling of actual guilt.

"Shall I tell you what tempted you?" Rosalie said, taking her hand, and speaking with irresistible simplicity. "Was it not because you felt that the name and maidenly reserve of a young girl are as safe in my hands as if I were her sister or her mother? Be sure now that you can trust me, and rely on me."

The fishing boat touched shore, and shrill young voices filled all the air with twittering, like early birds of spring. Grace was borne away in triumph, to be installed amid piles of silver-bellied mackerel, three of them claimed as the especial spoil of her little sun-burned rogue.

Rosalie was left alone. Soon she was seated in her boat, and pulling homeward with that long light stroke at once the envy and admiration of every woman on the island.

CHAPTER X.

THE season at Mount Desert is comparatively short, and the earliest days of autumn find the hotels sadly thinned of guests. By the middle of September, the most beautiful part of the year in that region, almost every one has vanished.

Some of our friends lingered on after the close of August. Frank Thornton, having gone back to town for an interval of solitary work, finding it more than he could bear, had returned to Bar Harbor to take possession of his family. They, with Amy North, were to leave in a very few days.

Mrs. Gray and the Carsons, making up their minds that no place would suit them half so well until they should go to the Berkshire hills, had determined to remain.

Erskine, whose first visit to Bar Harbor had projected far beyond its original limit, had gone back finally to New York, and now re-appeared upon the scene, to be consigned with remarkable unanimity of public voice to the custody of Miss North. That he would accompany the party upon their return was a foregone conclusion. Amy's girl-friends had begun to exchange confidences as to which of them would be bridemaids, and at what church the ceremony would take place. When they had almost come to an open rupture over the rival merits of veils or no veils, white lilac wreaths or Jacqueminot roses for the bridemaids, one of them ventured to rally Miss North upon the subject of her approaching nuptials, and was met by a sudden sharpness of rebuke she little counted on. Older gossips said what a very clever thing Mrs. Thornton had done to secure that fortune for her sister, as everybody must see Amy had been from the first quite thrown at Mr. Erskine's head.

To Erskine, whose whole heart and mind were

filled with his consuming passion for Rosalie Gray, these reports seemed trifles light as air. His conscience acquitted him of anything more than the frankest brotherly affection for Amy; and he laughed when he sometimes told her of the charge. So absorbed was he in his own troublesome state of mind, that he never noticed a certain almost wistful gentleness that stole over the young girl when she talked with him.

Poor Erskine! He was in sore need of somebody's love, when the one he sought proved so elusive. He felt like an automaton, going through day after day of meeting and greeting Rosalie, only to go away cursing his folly in dreaming he could ever wake this Galatea to a response. It was madness to waste so many months of life and energy in haunting the footsteps of a strange adorable woman, whose winning tact and grace kept him within the bounds of civil commonplace, when an unguarded word or look of sympathy from her would have let loose the flood-gates of his tenderness. And yet—and yet—at times, since his return, he dared to fancy she was kinder to him than before.

It was within two days of the time fixed for his departure that Erskine, clad in his mountain costume, looking, as Amy North told him, with his rich coloring and sweeping dark mustache under the bold curve of his wide-awake hat, like Fra Diavolo about to sing a solo, appeared at the door of Mrs. Gray's cottage.

"You have always promised to climb the mountain with me some day. As I go the day after to-morrow, perhaps you will be good enough to give me this afternoon. Please do," he added, pleadingly, as she seemed to hesitate. "It will be the very last time. The summer is over now, and it will be all changed if we meet again in town."

Rosalie let fall her embroidery, and went off to prepare for the walk. When she came down again, she wore the dark blue dress with the crimson touches here and there, and the kilted petticoat, so well remembered by him since the day of their first meeting in the cave. They walked side by side across the yellowing fields, all aglow with feathery plumes of golden-rod, and his eye rested on her with delight.

"There will never be any dress like that, to me," he said; "only there is one thing lacking—your bunch of posies at the waist, and another in your hat."

"The daisies are all gone now, so I must take a substitute," she answered, lightly, stooping to pick some sprays of golden-rod. "How will this do?"

"Royally!" he said, with a sudden burst of his old boyish enthusiasm, so long under control. "No flowers that you have worn have ever seemed to suit you half so well! I can't picture you without flowers, but I think when I wake up in paradise, I shall like to see you standing there, decked as you are now, in these tossing golden plumes—"

"Please leave me out of your pagan arrangements," she said, laughing, and coloring deeply. "I am more inclined to come to the painful conclusion that Nature is giving me a hint to leave the daisies and betake myself to her autumnal garlands."

She made haste to divert the dangerous current of their talk into another channel. They passed through thickets where the sumac flamed, tall grasses bent beneath their weight of fruitage, and giant brakes spread out their layers of green. In the hollows, where in early summer hundreds of wild roses opened their pale pink petals to the wind, the forsaken plants now interlaced their briery arms, and clothed themselves with scarlet leaves and capsules.

There was a wild autumnal flavor in the air. The blue of heaven was overcast, the wind with a "saintly Memnonian swell" swept through the forest aisles. Far out, on the wide Atlantic,

"Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea."

The autumn gale was rushing shoreward fast.

"Are you afraid to go on?" Erskine asked, as they struck the mountain trail and set their feet upon its rocky spine. "I don't think the storm will be upon us before night."

"Afraid! never!" she answered, the spirit of adventure shining in her eyes. "I could walk forever in such an atmosphere as this. Besides, I have always longed to view the coming of a gale from one of these mountain-tops."

After a long and toilsome climb the summit was attained, and they stood there with the wind hurtling around them, wild and free. A wide panorama of sea and shore, hill and vale, lay at their feet. The outline of distant hills upon the main-land was dim and gray; the water all about the fairy islands was ruffling angrily; the storm-cloud from the ocean came ever swiftly on.

Rosalie stood upon a crag, with the garments blown back from her beautiful form.

"How glorious it is!" she cried. "I have never seen it like this before. Fancy old Spouting Horn and Thunder Cave to-morrow, when the great waves go raging madly in, to break and scatter in a thousand flakes of foam!"

"The rain is nearer than I thought," answered Erskine, who had been surveying the clouds with some anxiety. "And although I feel a natural hesitation in requesting a storm-inspired goddess to step down from her pinnacle, perhaps you will remember that we have no umbrellas, and that the hour is later than that we calculated on to begin our descent."

She gave him a bright smile, and no longer, as in the ascent, disdaining the help of his hand, began springing downward from rock to rock.

"I suppose it is part of the initiation of the true devotee to Mount Desert to be lost or drenched at least once during the summer," she said, gayly. "What if both befall us now?"

Which did, indeed, seem impending. Erskine, who thought that he recalled a cottage situated upon one of the mountain spurs, had taken a path leading in that direction rather than risk the long unsheltered road to the village in the face of such a storm.

The trail they had been following stopped abruptly at the summit of a cliff springing from a grassy plateau at least twelve feet beneath them. The face of the rock was unbroken by crevice or projection; to descend it by ordinary means seemed a thing impossible. Half way up the green branches of a fallen tree, arrested in its crash by the rocky wall, spread out, concealing the trunk with masses of luxuriant verdure.

"I know where I am now, if that be any consolation," Erskine said, after a rapid reconnoissance of the situation. "I spent an hour down in that bed of ferns this summer surveying the cliff from below. The path leading from there is a cow-track to the very cottage I am in search of. But there is no time to waste, so here goes!" And in a moment he had sprung down the cliff, supporting himself as best he could, and crashing into the branches of the fallen tree. Directly after, Rosalie saw his head and shoulders emerge from a mist of green leaves below her.

"Only care kills cats!" he said, merrily. "I am quite steady now, with my back against the rock, and my feet firmly braced on a stout branch of this friendly old tree. There is nothing for it but to let yourself down, and I will catch you. Don't fear, Mrs. Gray; it is really not dangerous."

Rosalie's answer was instant obedience. She let herself drop into the cloud of green, and was met by Erskine's arm, which closed around her in an iron grasp. The branches snapped and quivered under the shock of her fall, but the old tree bore up nobly, until, with considerable difficulty, they made their way down its sloping trunk to the ground beneath.

"That was an exploit!" said Rosalie, looking up at the level where she had recently stood. "I could not have believed it of myself; and as I let go and came crashing down upon you, I thought it was the most abominably selfish thing I ever did in my life."

"I won't tell you what I thought of it—yet!" Erskine answered, with a smile. "You have a great scratch on your forehead, your sleeve is nearly torn off, and the pretty mountain dress is quite defaced. Here come the rain-drops, and we must make haste to find a shelter."

They ran together down the steep path, parting the overhanging boughs, and reckless of where their feet were set. The rain fell in great pelting drops like hail, as they fled hand in hand. Erskine's strong clasp and his firm stride were an immense help to Rosalie when springing over mossy rock and fern thickets, and she found herself involuntarily quoting the fairy's answer to Puck, "'Thorough bush, thorough brier,'" as they stopped for a momentto draw breath.

"'Thorough flood, thorough fire,' add for me," he said, "and to the world's end, joyfully, if I had your hand in mine. There is the cottage at last! One more scamper through this bit of wood, and we shall be safe."

It is such a common event in that region to give shelter to storm-beaten wanderers that the good people within the little house made their arrival quite a matter of course.

"You did get a pritty consid'able peltin', now, didn't you?" said the old woman, who escorted Mrs. Gray into a rear room, resplendent with patchwork quilt and giant feather-bed. A little fire was quickly made, and an extraordinary flowered bed-gown produced in lieu of Rosalie's saturated garments. The old woman bustled in and out with cups of "yarb" tea and fresh sticks for the fire. Upon Mrs. Gray's inquiry for the gentleman who had accompanied her, what was her surprise to learn from her hostess that he was already some distance on his way back to the village!

"Here's a bit of a note he writ on a piece of the almynac; maybe that 'll tell you what he calkilates to do."

"I am off to tell your aunt, and to fetch your dry things, and some sort of a trap to take you home. It is impossible for you to face this rain again."

Rosalie suppressed a strong feeling that she had rather far have gone with him, even through the driving storm. To get away from her thoughts she came out in her comical disguise into the little room, where two old men were sitting, one of them, evidently her host, a shrewd weather-beaten specimen of humanity, who had, like many of the islanders, a regular sea-flavor pervading him like a bit of old tarred rope. He was full of kindly gossip, and the absence of marked provincialisms in his speech arose from the fact that, until a few years before, he had followed the sea, and knew almost every port on the two continents.

"And your wife," said Rosalie, after hearing a long yarn, "what did she do here during all your voyages?"

"My wife! Bless you, miss, you mean the old ooman there? She's my sister. I staid by a gal once, but she died, and since then I ha'n't had the speret. I means as well by the gals as any man on the island, but I ain't mannerly somehow."

"Your sister makes you very comfortable here, at any rate," Rosalie said, looking round upon the hair-cloth sofa, the shells, the kerosene lamp, and the irrepressible tidies that banish from our humble homes in America every vestige of the picturesque.

"Well, I kinder rub along, with this and that. If I get as much as three hundred dollars a year to keep up on, I'm rich. There was a Congregation'l preacher here last year from down to Boston, and says he to me, 'I've got a selery of five thousand dollars, and it's as much as I can do on that to make two ends meet.' 'Five thousand dollars a year!' says I; 'why, you'd oughter have a gardeen!'"

The remembrance of this scathing sarcasm kept her host chuckling for some time after, and at intervals he was heard to murmur, "Five thousand dollars a year, and can't make two ends meet!" in tones of heart-felt wonderment.

"This is your brother, perhaps?" Rosalie hazarded, indicating the bent and patient old fellow who sat in a far corner.

"Dear me, no, ma'am; that's only Jabez Stubblefield. He's a new-comer on this island. We don't know nothin' 'bout his folks. When Jabez was a little chap, I've heerd my father say, the cap'n of a schooner brought him along this way. There was an East Eden man tuk a kinder fancy to have a boy to work around the house, and he applied to the cap'n to have Jabez stay. Cap'n he didn't exactly like to give Jabez up without a kinder little *swap*, and the upshot of it was the cap'n he took along a fine bull-calf, and the man he kep' Jabez."

"But that must have been—dear me!—ages ago," said Rosalie.

"Yes, Jabez he's a pretty old man, I guess, and he married here, and his old ooman died, and all his children. They're buried on the island."

"And you still call him a new-comer!" said Rosalie. "This conservatism is equal to anything in the Faubourg St. Germain."

"Well, I guess Jabez 'll stay here till he dies," the woman said, as she came in with some food, which she proceeded, not unkindly, to administer to the poor old patriarch, a "stranger in a land that knew him not." "There ain't nobody left now but my brother and me, and we've got enough for three. If my boys had lived, miss," she added, presently, coming to sit down by Rosalie, and speaking in a matter-of-fact tone, without a tear in her pale blue eyes, "ther'd 'a been somethin' to save for; but they're all dead. I had four of 'em, and they were all lost at sea except the one that died of the fever in port, down in South America. I've got a picture of his grave, miss, and the letter the hospital folks down there writ me, under glass, if you'll please to look at it. My husband was a sailor too, but he fell out o' the riggin' in a gale, and was lost over here in Penobscot Bay when we weren't six years married."

The rain beat upon the roof, and Rosalie fell a-musing. Life seemed to her such a little thing, and love how mighty! Oh, if she dared—if she but dared!

There was a sound of wheels, a shout, and Rosalie, expecting the arrival of her uncle, ran to the door in her comical attire. It was no sedate elderly gentleman who sprang from the rude covered vehicle drawn by two stout mountain horses, but Erskine, who, with his arm full of wraps, bounded across the little garden path.

"Here are some things your aunt gave me. Of course she was for having Mr. Carson come; but, actuated by purely benevolent motives, I would not hear of risking his rheumatism in this storm. Then your maid was proposed; but the vision of that fine fly-away French creature appalled me, and I would have none of her. Pray make yourself comfortable now, and come, for the gale is growing steadily worse, and the wind is blowing great guns."

Rosalie assumed her own attire, and taking leave of her kind hosts, went out once more, with a strange thrill of pleasure, to face the buffeting of wind and weather. Safely consigned to the interior of the vehicle, she was so entombed in oil-cloth curtains that she could only feel, not see, the vicinity of her friend, who sat out beside the driver, urging the sure-footed horses to their full speed along the road.

"Tell me," said a voice out of the darkness, and Erskine leaned back to hear, "about yourself. You must be thoroughly wet again. How did you change your clothes so quickly? Are you sure it will have no bad effect?"

"I prevented such a contingency arising by not changing them at all, but took some brandy, and put on my Ulster instead. Don't give me a thought, please, that is not of pure congratulation. I am the most selfish mortal alive, if you did but know it."

"Home at last!" he added, as they drew rein before her cottage door. There was no time for more, for there were lights, and open doors, and welcoming voices, and a general uproar of rejoicing over the wanderer returned.

"To-morrow," whispered Erskine, in tremulous accents, as he lifted her to the ground.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mrs. Gray was at last able to dismiss her useful but too emotional Desirée, whose idea of rising to an emergency was to wring her hands effusively, to repeat "Mon Dieu!" a great many times, and to proffer a tisane of *eau de fleur d'orange*, she retired to rest, but not to sleep, under the shelving roof of her cottage bedroom. The gale raged with increasing violence; rain fell in floods, and great bursts of wind bore incessantly upon the house front like breakers on the cliff. The walls of her little summer dwelling shivered with each repeated shock, and the bed vibrated sensibly. Sleep under ordinary circumstances would have been impossible, but to-night Rosalie was in a strangely nervous state. Memory was at her pitiless work, conjuring up a thousand phantoms that she would fain have buried forever. A most unhappy past rose before her, warning her against vain indulgence in human faith and love. "You loved once," it said; "with what result? You trusted once; did it bring you peace? Remember the hours when in anguish you prayed God to release you from a bond that was worse than death. And more than all," chimed in her better self, "remember your tacit pledge to a guileless girl, whose fresh young love may bring the happiness yours never could again!"

Rosalie's pride came to her rescue after a burst of bitter tears. "It is an infatuation," she said to herself, almost angrily. "A woman like me, to whom vows of love are an oft-told tale, whose life is filled with the incense of perpetual flattery! Who would dream—he least of all—that for months, ever since our first meeting, I have remembered him, and retained every trifle that recalled him, with folly worthy of a dreaming school-girl! His roses, that I traced to him, and still consented to receive. Shall he ever know that when I met him at last face to face, and passed him by unflinchingly, it was because I had resolved to crush a weakness that made my face burn when I thought of it? Since I have known him here, during this lovely summer-time—and to-day especially—there has been more excuse for me."

When a wild wet morning dawned, after the long tempestuous night, Rosalie fell into the deep sleep of utter physical exhaustion.

It was verging toward midday when Desirée stood by her bedside with her dressing things and chocolate.

"Madame Carson desired a thousand tendernesses; and there was a monsieur—Meester Erskine—below, inquiring for madame's health."

With a fevered hand Rosalie wrote and sent to him these words:

"I am ill with fatigue and loss of rest. If you go to-morrow, come here this evening, and I will try to see you."

The lapse of hours gave her resolution. She spent the day in her room alone, while the fury of the storm spent itself upon the island, giving place to a dull rain that fell incessantly, blotting out all the life and beauty from the view.

At the Romont the people who were left shivered through windy corridors, wrapped in shawls and Ulsters, or huddled round a glorious snapping fire of birch logs in the great barn-like parlor, declaring that they had been seasick all night from the rocking of their beds in the gale, and would leave in the earliest boat.

To Erskine the day was interminable. The Thorntons tried to woo him into their little sitting-room; but he proved a sorry comrade, abandoned even by the boys (whose delight in ordinary times he was), who with the instinctive selfishness of childhood shunned his moody countenance, as rats desert a falling house.

Grace was perplexed and anxious. The Counsellor, after reading his rather elderly copy of the *World* over and over again, till he had exhausted the advertisements, wandered into the dancing-room at the Romont, where Amy, with several other storm-stayed young persons, was organizing a set of glees around the piano.

From her post as leader Amy saw through the window looking upon the piazza her friend Erskine stalking up and down the long gallery in solitude. She made a motion as if to beckon him, but, on second thoughts, refrained.

When they met at the early dinner hour, Erskine was absent. He was striding through rain and mire along the road leading to Great Head, where he stood upon the cliff, looking out at the cold gray wind-swept sea, and listened to the mad dash of the breakers, not yet resting from their wild night's work. When evening came at last, "the spirit in his feet" led Erskine with bounding steps to Rosalie's home.

Rosalie's delight was to have a tiny sweet-smelling wood fire upon the old brass andirons of her hearth. To-night it sparkled cheerily, and the student's lamp burned soft beneath its crimson shade. Beside a little velvet-covered table, holding her pet bits of porcelain, her vanilla-grass basket with its tangle of bright-colored silks, and a vase of Venice glass with a spray of meadow grass and orchids, Rosalie sat, her face somewhat withdrawn from the light, that, dancing over her folds of rich black drapery, brought out here and there the gleam of massive jet.

Nearer to the fire, swathed in the soft folds of a pale blue Chuddar shawl, dear old Mrs. Carson was putting the finishing touches upon a high-art sunflower, worked on a strip of kitchen crash.

Such a sweet peaceful scene it was, coming in from the darkness and the penetrating sea-damp without! Erskine's wild fancy, overleaping the minor details of a luxurious taste, saw only the fireside, and Rosalie waiting there—waiting for him! He pictured himself the proprietor of a fishing lodge somewhere, and this the angel of his hearth. Poor fellow! He was quite out of date with his romances.

They talked a while, and presently in bustled Mr. Carson, who was a musical maniac, and carried off his wife to listen to the singing of a girl with a lovely contralto voice in the adjoining hotel.

Something in the irrepressible joy of Erskine's manner when they were left alone sent a pang to his companion's heart. A strange constraint fell upon her, and she became very pale. Suddenly she lifted her eyes to his, and spoke with brave resolve.

"You are going away to-morrow, and I have asked you to come here this evening that I may tell you something. First about yourself. You have never asked me for an explanation of my manner to you—my unpardonable rudeness in the early days of our acquaintance, if we can even call it so."

"I never will," said he, fervently. "It is forgiven a thousand times over."

"That is like you," she said. "And it is because I know you as I do now, and want your friendship," she added, after a moment's hesitation, and in a lower tone, "that I must tell you about myself—the story of my life."

Involuntarily a wave of apprehension swept over him. This confidence boded him no good.

"You are comparatively so young—for you can't be more than a year or two in advance of me—and so full of trustful belief in everything, that I hardly think you will understand me when I tell you that I am a woman without faith—restless, unsatisfied, impatient of everything commonplace; want to touch the cup to my lips and dash away what I have scarcely tasted; fitful, arrogant, cased in an armor that is proof against all soft emotion, all lasting tenderness." How stubbornly she wronged herself! "Years ago I gave away my heart, and wrecked my happiness in a marriage lasting long enough to drag me